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Tell.

spi-rits are bow'd to slavery's yoke, And cannot soar aloft! Courage, friend! Death is a glo - rious boon to

all who die for free - dom!

Arnold.

Tell, thou peril'st earthly

The Social Choir

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Augustin, Louise ...

Jane ... (...)

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THE

Social Choir.

DESIGNED FOR

A CLASS BOOK, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM THE MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPOSERS,

AMONG WHOM ARE THE NAMES OF

ROSSINI, BELLINI, VON WEBER, AUBER, HERROLD, MYERBEER, WEIGL, AND MANY OTHERS,

WITH SEVERAL COMPOSITIONS OF THE EDITOR.

THE POETRY HAS GENERALLY BEEN SELECTED WITH CARE, AND WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO MORAL SENTIMENT.

THE MUSIC IS

ARRANGED AS SONGS, DUETTS, TRIOS, AND QUARTETTES,

WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

BY GEORGE KINGSLEY,
AUTHOR OF SACRED CHOIR, FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES SOCIAL CHOIR, AND JUVENILE CHOIR.

Fifth Edition.
VOL. III.

BOSTON:—PUBLISHED BY CROCKER AND BREWSTER,
No. 47 Washington Street.

1847.

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THE

Social Choir.

DESIGNED FOR

A CLASS BOOK, OR THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

*** DUETT. WHITHER, MY FRIEND.**

Poetry translated from the German by a friend, and adapted to this Duett, from the Opera of William Tell, by ROSSINI.

Tell.

Whither, my friend?

Speak! what means thy

* This duett represents a scene between Tell and his friend, Arnold, whom he is persuading to espouse the cause of liberty, in which he finally succeeds. It will be seen, also, that Arnold, being unsuccessful as a lover, and on this account in despair, is unable to resist the eloquence of Tell

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WHITHER, MY FRIEND.

Continued.

Arnold.

tremb - ling? Thou fliest a faithful friend: Wilt not with him re - main?

Tell.

No, no, no, Why

ff

DOL. Arnold.

trem - - - - - blest thou? My fond heart thus de - ceiv - ing? Who can en - dure the pangs of

pp

p sf p

ff

Tell.

slave - ry, all my hopes, peace of mind, for - ev - er fled. Friend to me most dear, I'll

ff

p sf p

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Arnold. Tell.

share with thee thy sor - row, Un - burden thy heart to thy friend, Unburden thy heart to thy friend. Break, oh, break my grieving heart! Speak, O!

ff *ff* *p*

p

Arnold.

speak! Why this fear, Why this an - guish? Wilt thou not trust me? What wilt thou

ff *p* *ff* *p*

CHRS.

Tell.

me, What wilt thou me? 'Tis ho-nour calls, thy coun-try calls! to

ff

sf *sf*

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WHITHER, MY FRIEND. Continued.

Arnold.

thee, it calls to thee, It calls to thee! Ah! Ma - til - da, fond

sf *sf* *p*

SOTTO VOCE.

ob - - ject of af - fec - tion, How, ah! how re - - - fuse this heart.

Tell.

See, what tumult's in his

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'Tis to my coun - try, to her my love be giv - en. O yes, to - -

breast! See his soul is rent with grief! See he drops the cap-tive chain, and to his country gives his

- - - her my love be giv'n! 'Tis to my coun - try, to

heart, See, he drops the captive chain, and to his country gives his heart, See, he drops the captive chain, to his coun-try gives his

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her my love be giv - - en! O yes, to her I - - - - give my

heart, See he drops the cap-tive chain, and to his country gives his heart, But see, he drops the captive chain, and to his country gives his

heart! - - O - - - yes, - - to - - - her - - my - - love - - be - - - giv'n! O yes, to

heart, See, he drops the captive chain, and to his country gives his heart, See, he drops the captive chain, and to his country gives his heart, See, he drops the captive

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her my love be giv'n.

Tell.

chain, and to his country gives his heart. My friend, break the chains of the tyrant! Switzers'

pp *ff* *p*

Arnold.

Do not shed, O do not shed noble blood. Our

courage dares e'en death itself. Let it flow to avenge our dis - ho - nour!

ff *p* *p*

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Tell.

spi-rits are bow'd to slavery's yoke, And cannot soar aloft! Courage, friend! Death is a glo - rious boon to

all who die for free - dom!

Arnold.

Tell, thou peril'st earthly

Tell.

bliss! For my coun-try!

Arnold.

Yet, O Tell, I fear a sad reverse.

Tell.

Hear our clanking chains! see, our

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O! i - dle

wounds are red with blood. They tell us li - ber-ty is bliss, they tell us li - ber-ty is bliss.

f *p*

hope! If free-dom tri - umphs,

My blood for my coun - try! O, break with me these se - curs - ed bonds of slave-ry! Grant it,

p *p* CRES.

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What gain to us then? But if we fail, O Tell, as fail we may, Say, who shall a-

heav'n! Vict'-ry and death! The tomb

ff *sf* *sf*

venge our wrongs and shameful death? O! Ma - til - da, thou

Heav'n. - - - - -

sf *sf* *p* *pp*

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ob - - - ject of af - fec - - - - tion, How, ah! how - - - - - re - -fuse - - - - my

love! 'Tis to my coun - try, to her my love be giv - en.

See, he drops the cap - tive chain, to his coun-try gives his love, See, he drops the cap-tive

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O yes, to - - - her my love be giv'n! 'Tis to my chain, and to his country gives his love, See, he drops the captive chain, and to his country gives his love, See, he drops the captive chain,

f

coun - try, to her my love be giv - - en. O, yes, to her my - - to his country gives his love, See he drops the cap-tive chain, and to his country gives his love, But see, he drops the captive

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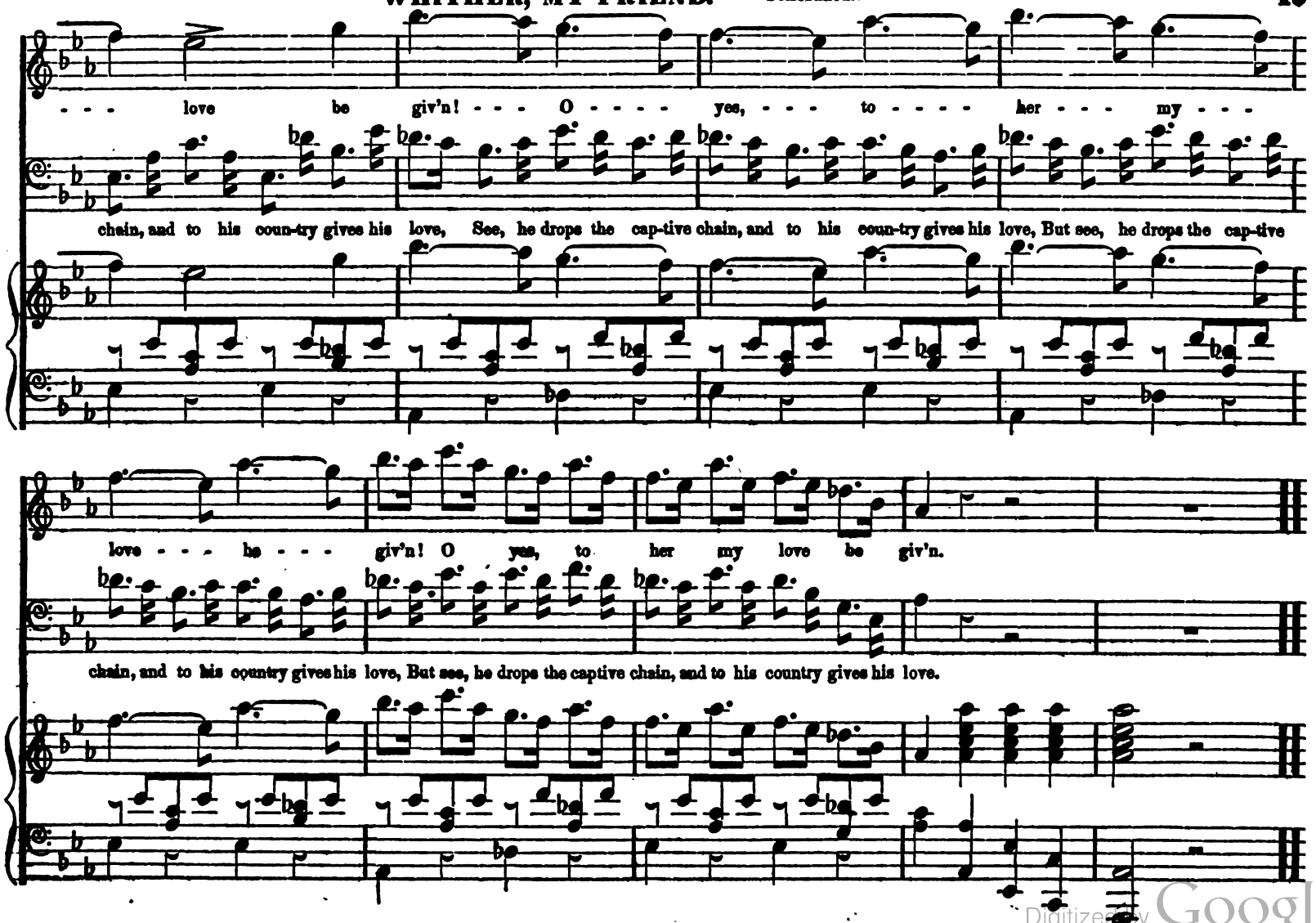

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SONG. I SAW THEE WEEP.

Poetry, BYRON....Music, MALIBRAN.

I saw thee weep, the big bright tear, Came o'er, came o'er thy dark brown eye; Me-thought thy face did then ap - pear Like win - ter's cloud - ed sky. - - - - - -

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- - - I saw thee smile;—the sap - phire's blaze Be - side thee

ceased to shine; It could not match the the

liv - - - ing rays That fill'd that glance, that glance of thine.

f *p*

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As clouds from yon - - - der sun re - - ceive A deep, a

deep and mel - - - low dye, Which scarce the shades of com - - - ing e ve Can

ba - - - - nish from the sky. - - - - - - - - -

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Those smiles un - to the moo - diest mind Their own pure joys im - part;

f

Their sun - - shine leaves a glow be - hind That

p

light - - - ens, light - - - ens, o'er the heart.

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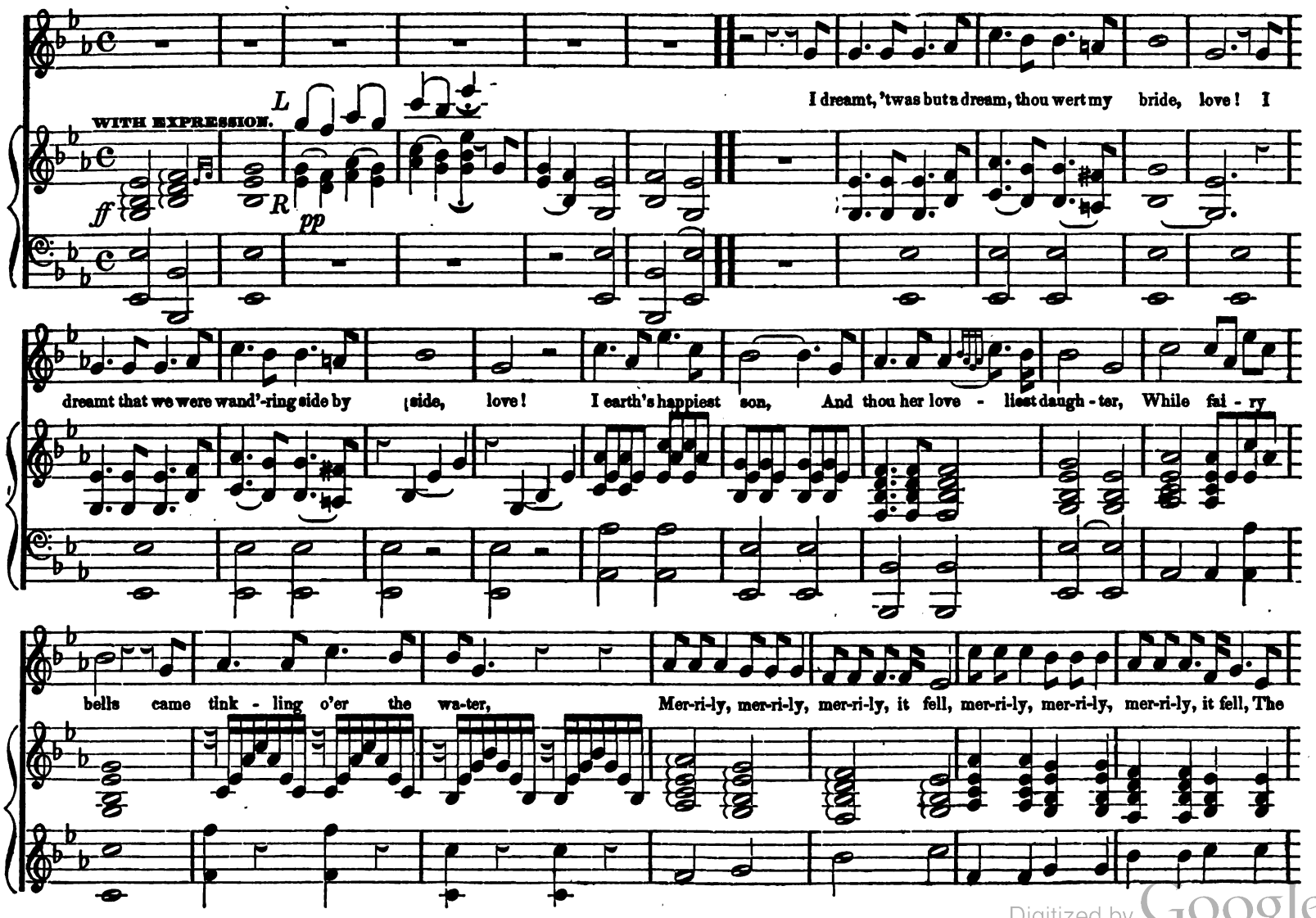

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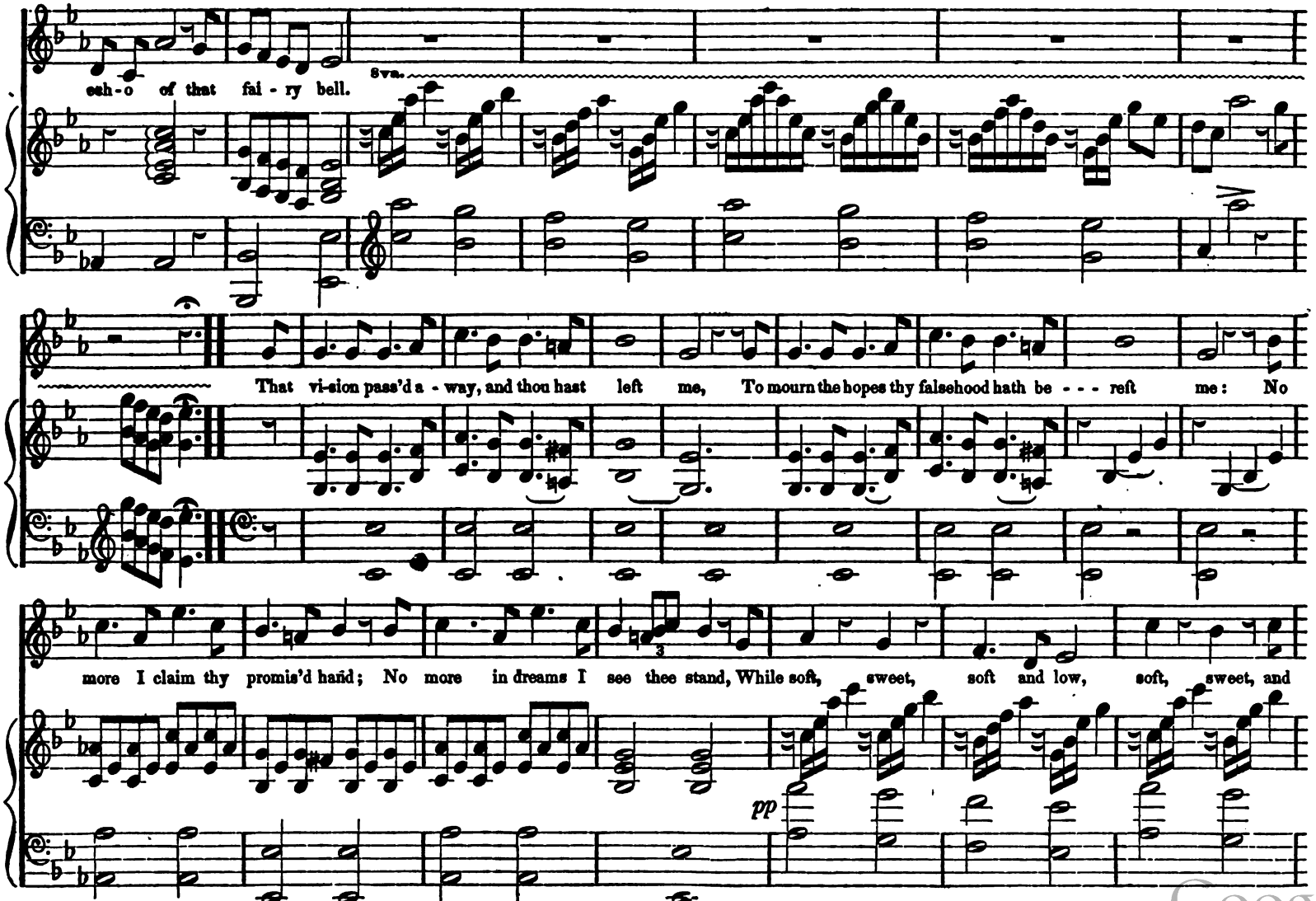

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SLOW.

low it fell, The e-cho of that fai-ry bell. Now, when I'm mus-ing sad and lone-ly, With but my harp and thy re-membrance

Symph. on 21st page.

on-ly, In vain, as o'er those chords I bend, one joy-ful note I try to send; For sad, sad, sad and chang'd,

VERY SLOW.

sad, sad and chang'd they seem, The fai-ry bells of that dear dream.

8va.

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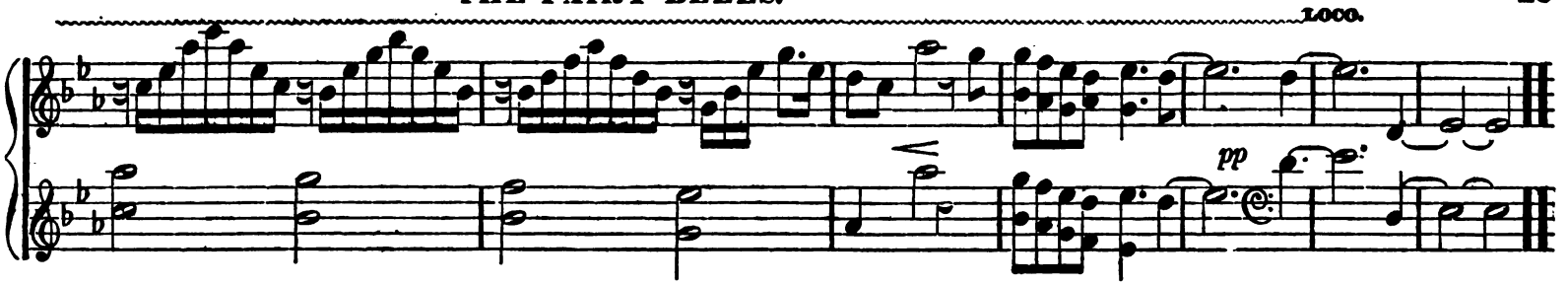
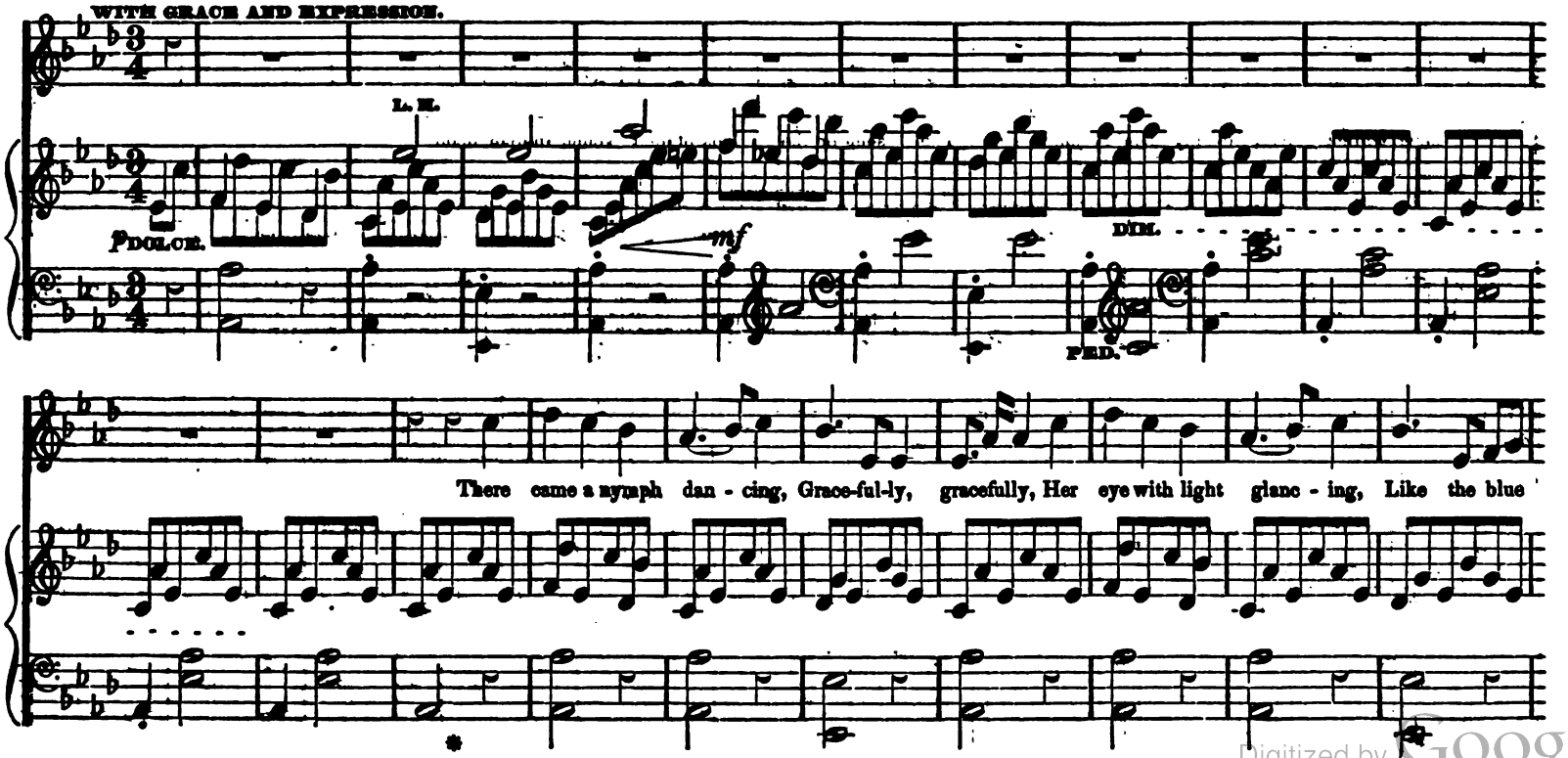


THE YOUNG INDIAN MAID.

THOMAS MOORE.



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AD LIB.

sea, And while all this glad-ness A - round her steps hung, Such sweet notes of sad-ness Her gentle lips sung, That

A TEMPO.

ne'er, while I live, from my mem'-ry shall fade The song or the look of that young In-dian maid.

Her zone of bells, ring - ing Cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, Chimed to her

PED. * *

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AD LIB.

sing-ing Light e-choes of glee, But in vain did she bor-row Of mirth the gay tone, Her voice spoke of sor-row, And

A TEMPO.

sorrow a-lone, Nor e'er, while I live, from my mem'ry shall fade, The song or the look of the young Indian maid.

pp RITARD.

PED.

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ANDANTE QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

CRES.

I've wander'd in dreams to the moon-light's home, In fan - cy I've been where a thought could roam; I've bliss-ful-ly gazed on the dew - y smiles, Of the

maidens that dwell in the star - ry isles; And have waken'd from slumber pure and free, From their ai - ry charms to love but thee, to love

COLLA VOCE.

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to love, to love, to love but thee! I've dreamt about E - den's bliss - ful bow'rs, And breath'd the sighing of

heav'ns own flow'rs; I've heard the wild songs of the Pa-ra-dise birds, But e - ven in sleeping the mem' - ry of words Once spoken by thee, came

COLLA VOCE.

sweet on mine ear, And the music around me no more would I hear, No more, no more, I lov'd, I lov'd, - - - - - - - but

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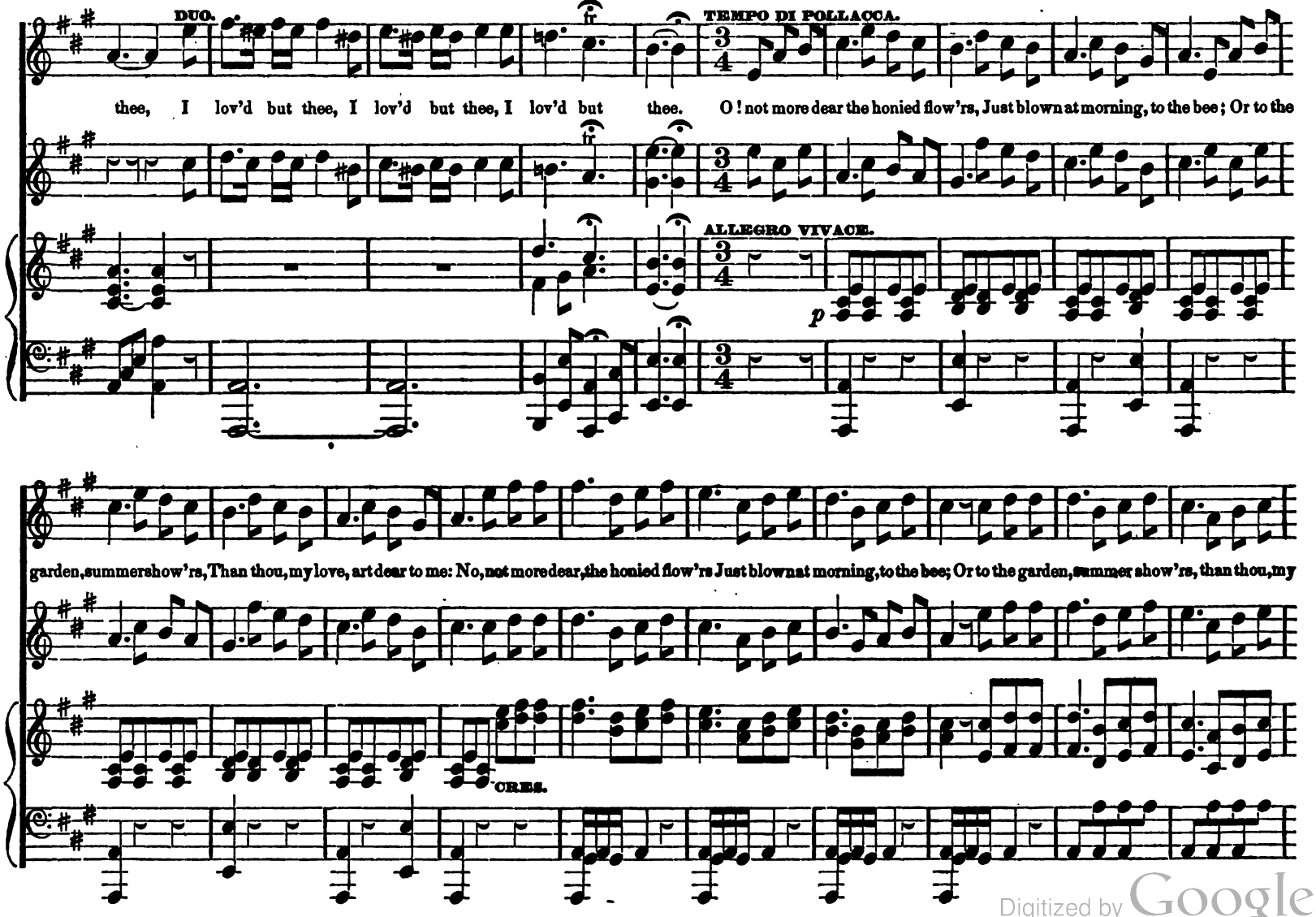

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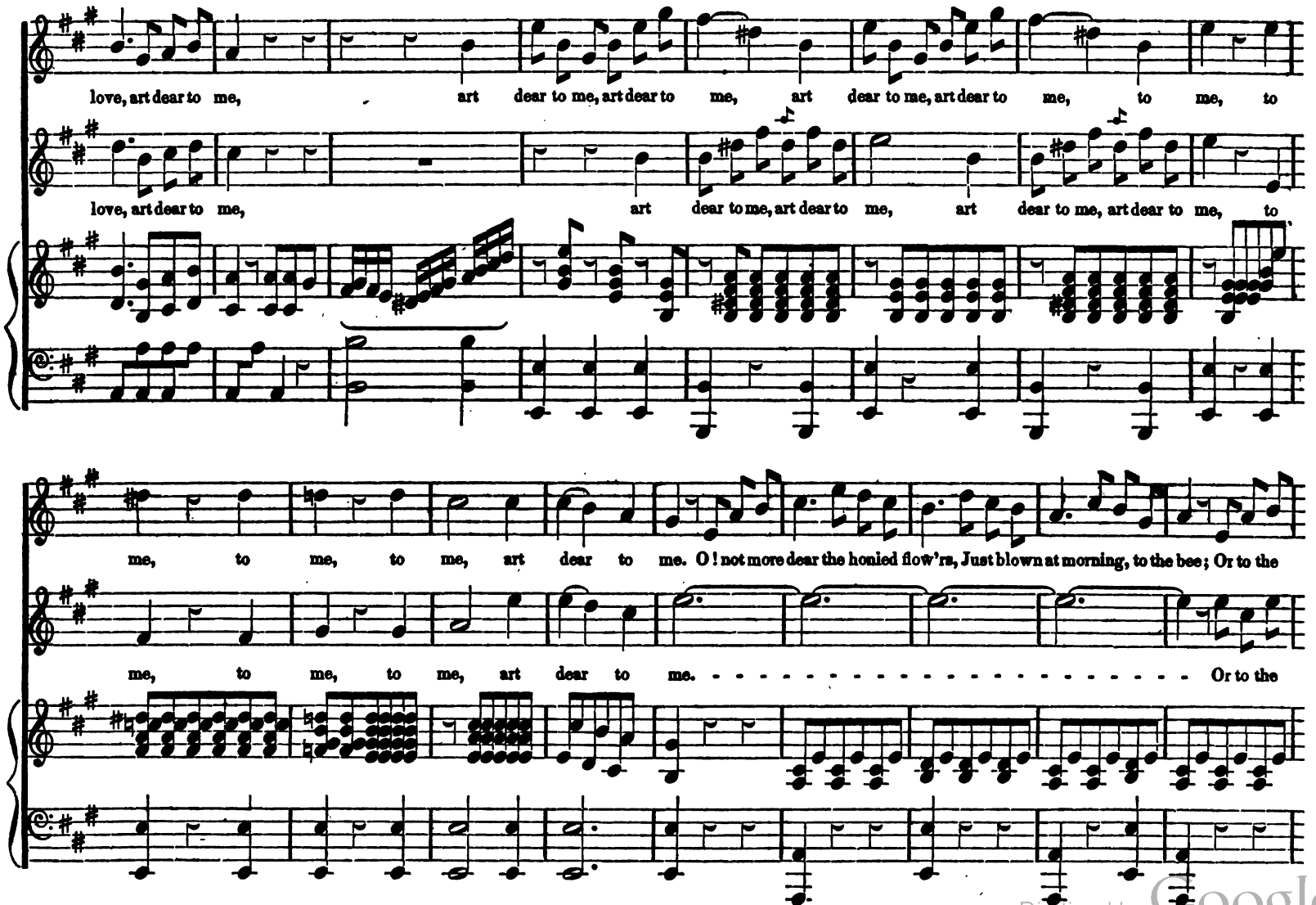

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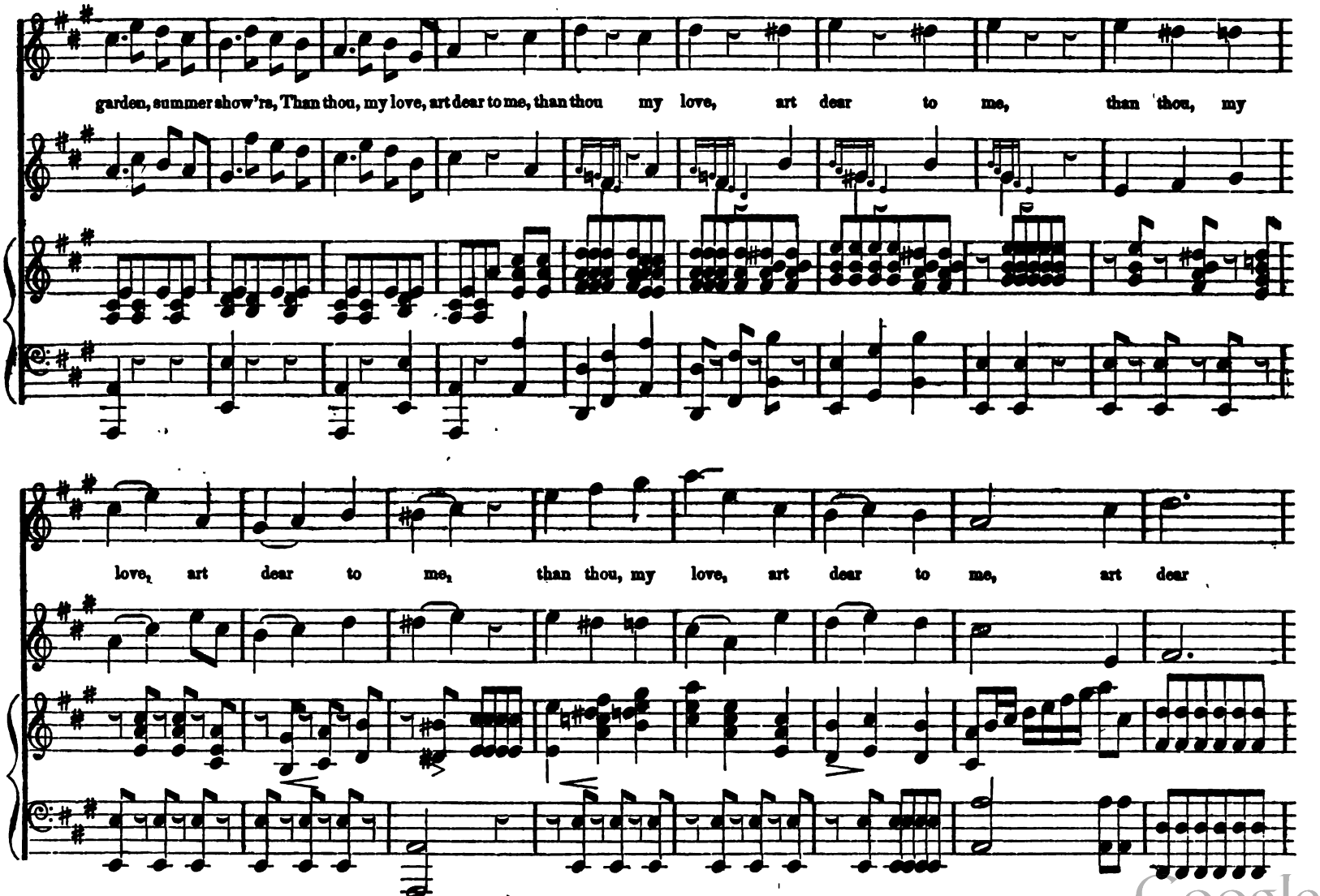

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to me, art dear, art - - - - - - - - - - - - - dear to me.

CADENZA AD LIB.

DUETT. TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED.

STEVENSON.

MODERATO.
Horns.
Flutes.
Violins.
LENTANDO.

N. B. The small notes to be played on the Repeat, and the large ones left out.

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TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED. Continued.

TEMPO.

CRES.

p Tell me, tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred? Tell me, tell me, where is Fan-cy bred? Tell me, tell me, tell me,

f

Tell me, tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred? Tell me, where is Fan-cy bred? Tell me, tell me, tell me,

TEMPO.

p

where is Fan-cy bred? or in the heart, or in the head? Tell me, tell me, tell me,

CRES.

where is Fan-cy bred? or in the heart, or in the head? Tell me, tell me, tell me,

pp

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tell me, tell me, tell me, Tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred? Tell me, tell me, where is Fancy bred, Fan-cy bred

CRES. f ff

CRES. f

How be - got? how nour-ish - ed? How be - got? how

CRES.

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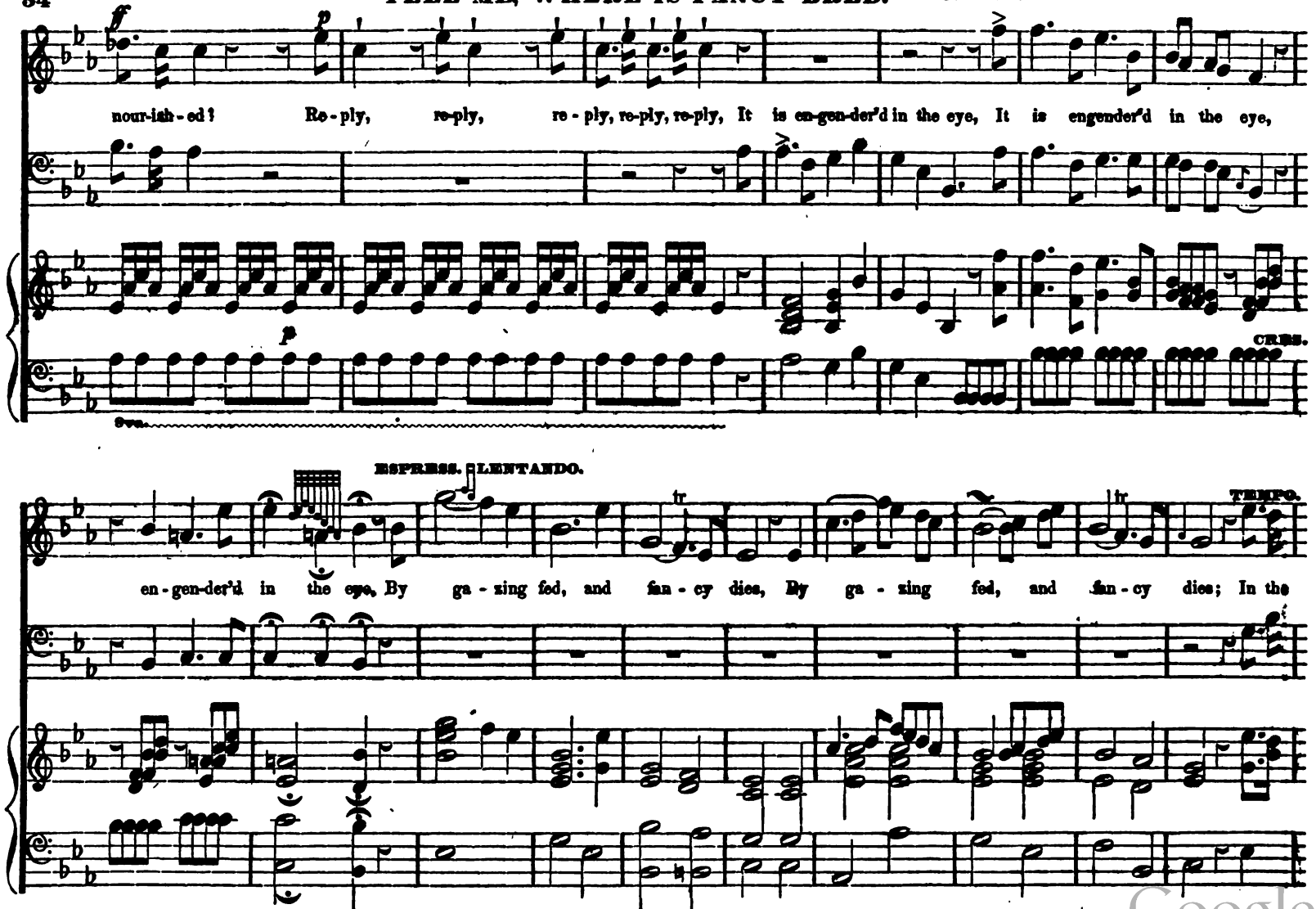

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SCHERZANDO.

cradle where it lies, In the cradle where it lies, By ga - - - - xing fed, and Fan - - - - - cy dies.

cradle where it lies, In the cradle where it lies, By ga - - - - - xing fed, and Fan - - - - cy

CRES.

In the cradle, in the cra - dle where it lies, In the cradle, in the cra - dle where it lies, where it

dies. In the cra - dle where it lies, In the cra - dle where it lies, where it

Flutes.

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TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED. Continued.

p CRES. DIM. p ALLEGRETTO STACCATO SHERZANDO. f CHORUS.

lies, where it lies. Let us all ring Fan-cy's knell, Let us all ring Fancy's knell, Let us all ring

p f

DIM. p f

8va.

Fan - cy's knell, Let us all ring Fan-cy's knell.

p

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TEMPO. LENTANDO. p TEMPO.

I'll be-gin it, ding, dong, bell, ding, ding, ding,

SOLO. p LENTANDO. p

CRES.

I'll be-gin it, ding, dong, bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong,

p f

f CHORUS.

ding, dong, bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell, all, all, ding, dong, bell, all, all, ding, ding, dong, bell,

f SOLO.

bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell, all, all, ding, dong, bell, all, all, ding, ding, dong, bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong,

8va.

DIM f

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TELL ME, WHERE IS FANCY BRED. Concluded.

p CRES. DIM. pp

bell, ding, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell,

DIM. pp LENTANDO. pp

8va.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

TOPLIFF.
RUTH, i. 14—16.

RECITATIVE.

And they lift-ed up their voice, and wept a - gain: And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; but

fz

pp PED. ppp

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Ruth clave un - to her. And she said, Be - hold, thy sister hath gone back un - to her people, and un - to her gods: re-

f *p* CRES. *f* DIM.

turn thou after thy sis - ter, re - turn, re-turn, re - turn thou af-ter thy sis-ter, re - turn, re-turn, re - turn. And Ruth said,

p *ff* DIM. *ppp* RAL. *p* *ppp* PED.

GRAZIOSO.

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AIR.

En - treat me not to leave thee, or to re-turn from following af - ter thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest,

p

f

I will lodge: thy peo-ple shall be my peo-ple, and thy God

CRES. DIM. *f*

my God: thy peo - ple shall be my peo-ple, and thy God my God.

DIM. *p* *fz* *f*

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Where thou di-est, will I die, where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be bu- ried - - - - - - - - - Entreat me not to

pp ppp CRES. DIM. p CRES.

leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge:

DIM. CRES. fz DIM. sf p sf

The Lord do so to me, and more also, the Lord do so to me, and more al-so,

CRES. DIM. p CRES. DIM. p

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if aught but death part thee and me. - - - - - - En-treat me not to leave thee, or to re-turn from fol-low-ing af - ter

fz *pp* CALANDO. A TEM.

thee: for whither thou go-est, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Entreat me not to leave thee, en-treat me not to

fz *pp* *fz*

leave thee, en - treat me not, en - treat me not, en - treat - - - - - - me not.

DIM. CRES. DIM. CALANDO. *ppp*

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ANDANTE AFFETTUOSO. LEGATO.

1st Voice.

1 O, soft-ly rise, bright sum-mer moon! And shed thy ray On yon-der bow'r, with ro-ses

2d Voice.

2 O, lin-ger yet, thou wa-ning moon! A while de-lay, Nor leave this bliss-ful bow'r so

LEGATO.

strewn So fresh and gay. A bow'r so sweet, so calm, so lone, That love has claim'd it for his

Soprano Voice.

soon, O, stay! O, stay! Love's lan-guage, breath'd in beau-ty's ear, A strain of mu-sic seems to

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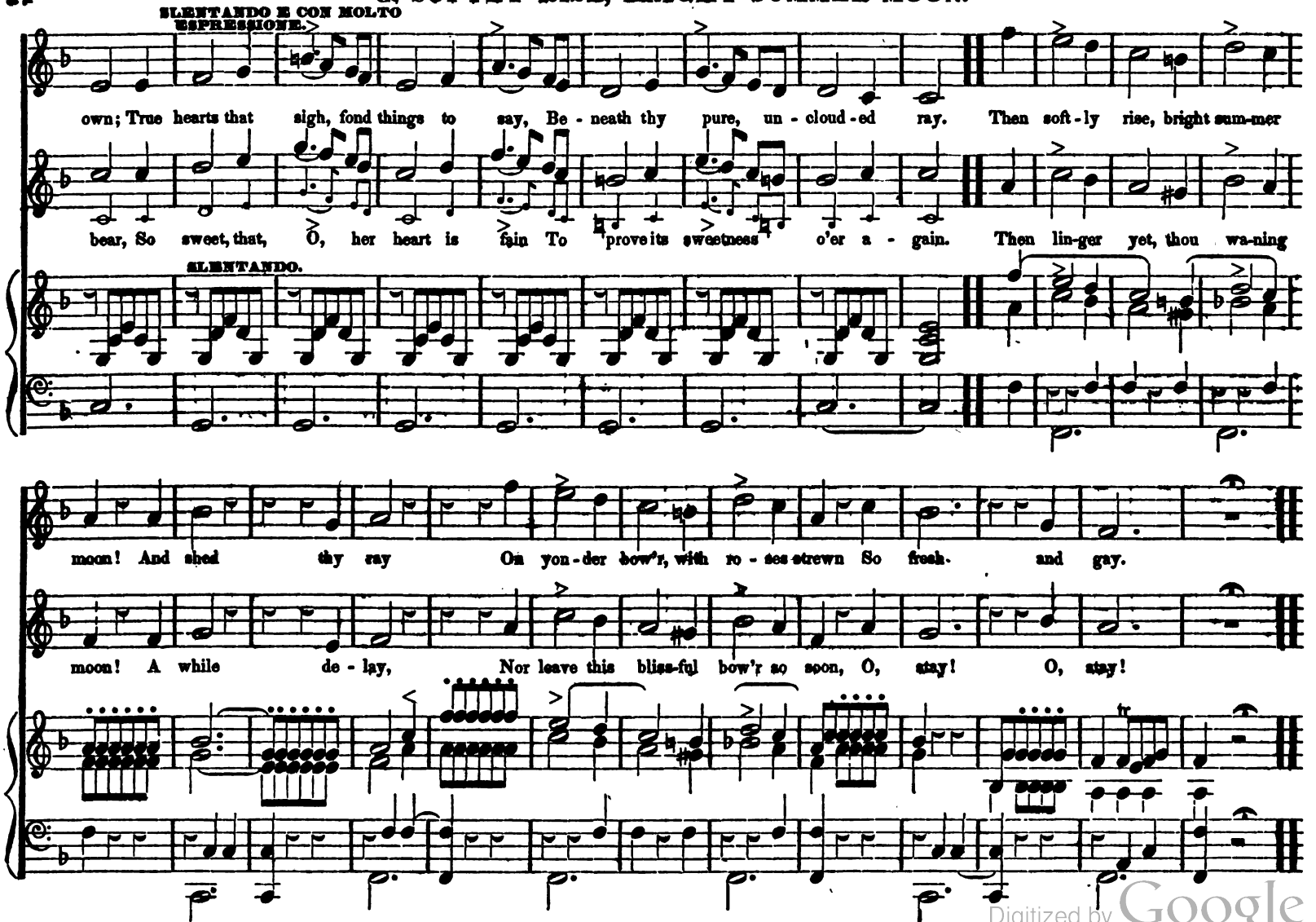

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ALLEGRETTO.

mf 1st Voice.

Pierce the deep a - zure of the skies, *p* Sil-ver the bub - ble of the rill, Light the soft glance of lov - ing eyes, Show where the flow - ret's cup doth fill: Pierce the deep a - zure of the skies, *p* Sil - ver the bub - ble of the rill, *mf* Light the soft

TEN. *sfz* *mf* *p*

2d Voice. 1st Voice. 2d Voice. 1st Voice.

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glance of lov - ing eyes, Show where the flow-ret's cup doth fill.

sfz *f*

DOLCE SOSTENUTO.

rf

Till the me - lo - di-ous lark shall rise, Grey - eyed morn peeps o'er the

rf

sf *f* PED.

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SOTTO VOCE.

hill, And from night's si - lence e - cho flies, Wak'd by horn, so

rf

p SOST. *sfz* *ff* PED.

DIM.

loud and shrill, so loud and shrill, so loud and shrill, so loud and shrill.

DIM. *mf*

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O, SOFTLY RISE, BRIGHT SUMMER MOON. Concluded.

sfz *p* *f* D. C.

SONG OF MIRIAM.

Poetry, MOORE.

WITH TENDER AND SOLEMN EXPRESSION.

p

Sleep, ho - ly in - fant, sleep; though cold thou lie - est,

Rock'd by the wave where rests thy slumb'-ring head, There's One a - bove, who, though enthrem'd the high - est,

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Deigns yet to watch the hum-blest in - fant's bed. Sleep on, while fan - cy round thy brow shall see

Bright dreams of all thy God pre - pares for thee.

DOL.

Thine shall the glory be,—to none e'er given,
Since man in Eden lost his glorious place,—
To hear that voice the archangels hear in heaven,
And stand before the great Jehovah's face!
Sleep, holy infant, smiling bright e'en now,
As if already Heaven illumed thy brow.

Still, on in time, I see, as dreams come o'er me,
Israel release'd from bondage by thy hand;
And now, mid desert wastes, thou shinest before me,
Leading God's people to the promised land!
Bless'd child, what wonders wait thee on thy way!
Thy guide a flame by night, a cloud by day!

And, hark! o'er Egypt's sea glad songs have sounded,—
Israel is safe—the watery walls are pass'd!
Dark lies the tyrant, by his hosts surrounded,
And thou behold'st the long-wish'd land at last.
Yet not to enter it—no, one glimpse be given,
Then, child of God, rejoin thy Sire, in heaven!

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GOETHE'S MIGNON.

Poetry translated from the German by Rev. JOHN DWIGHT.
Music, G. KINGSLEY.

ANDANTINO CON EXPRESSIVO.

Know'st thou the land where bright the citron blows? Thro' leafy shades the golden orange glows; A gentle breeze steals thro' the clear blue sky; Mid sleeping myrtles stands the laurel

p ALLEGRETTO. CRES. ACCELLERANDO. f A TEMPO.

high. Know'st thou it well? O, there, with thee—O, there would I, my own best lov'd one, flee, O, there would I, my own - - - - best lov'd one, flee.

p ALLEGRETTO. CRES. ACCELLERANDO. A TEMPO.

Know'st thou the house? its roof on pillars tall;
Glitters each room, and gleams the stately hall;
Still marble forms look down on me so mild,
And say, What have they done to thee, poor child?
Know'st thou it well? O, there, with thee—
O, there would I, my kind protector, flee!

Know'st thou the mount? its pathway, in the clouds,
Where slow the mule his weary journey plods;
In dark caves lurk the serpent's ancient brood,
Down rolls the rock, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it well? O, there let's flee!
There lies our path! there, father, carry me!

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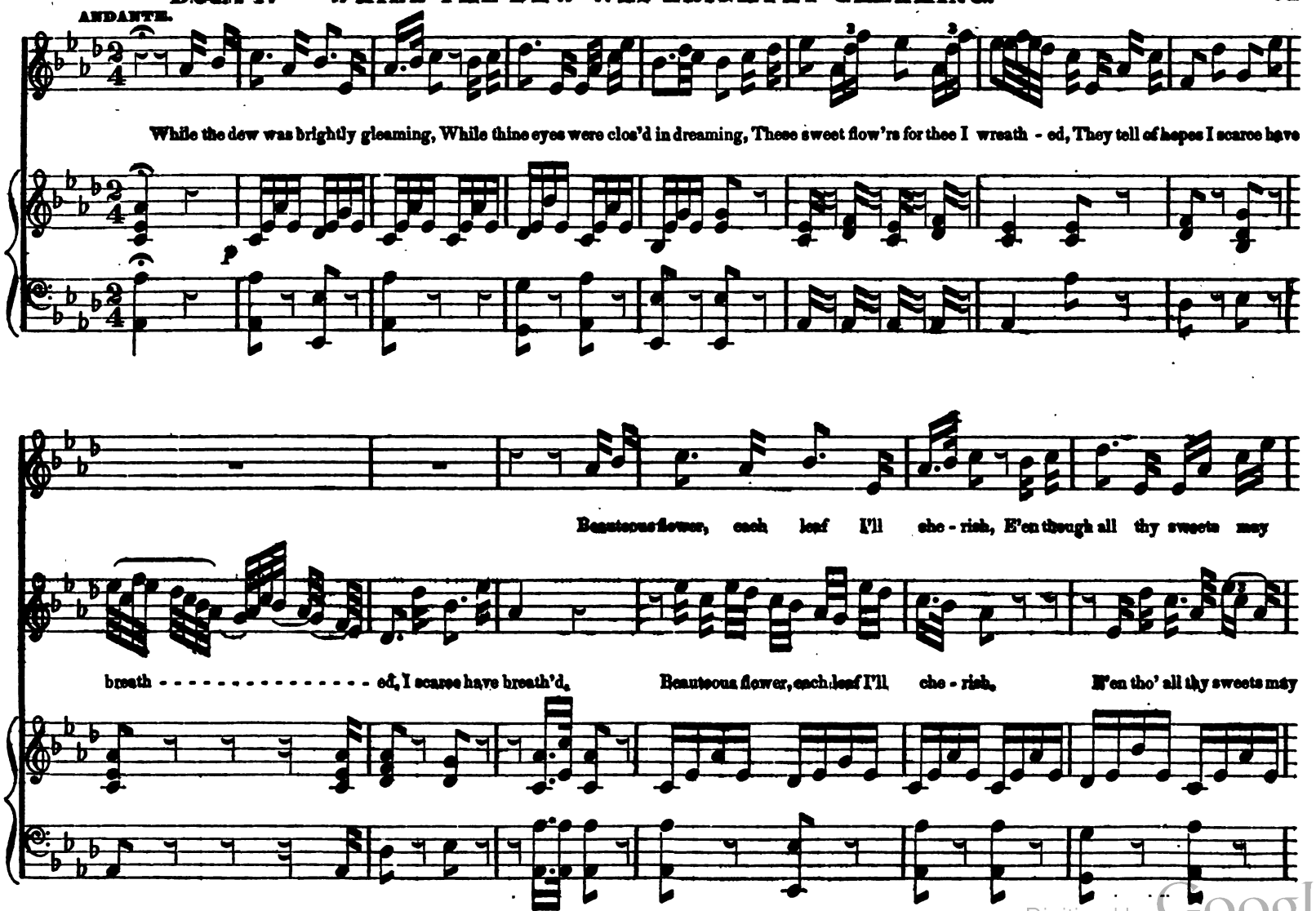

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pe - rish, Tho' thy brightest bloom have fa - - - - - ded, E'en tho' fond - est hopes are sha - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ded, are sha-

pe - rish, Tho' thy brightest bloom have fa - - - ded, E'en tho' fondest hopes are sha - - ded, fon-dest hopes are sha-

ded, Beauteous flow - er, each leaf I'll che - rish, Beauteous flow - er, each leaf I'll che - - rish, Tho' each bud and flower shall

ded, Beauteous flow - er, each leaf I'll che - rish, Beauteous flow - er, each leaf I'll che - - rish, Tho' each bud and flower shall

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pp f pp

pe - rish, Still to thee I'll whis-per love, All my fondest hopes I'll che - - - - - rish, And to thee I'll whis-per

pe - rish, Still to thee I'll whis-per love, All my fondest hopes I'll che - - - - - rish, And to thee I'll whis-per

pp f pp

p p

love, - - - - - - - - And to thee I'll whis - per love, - - - - - - - - And to thee I'll whis - per love.

love, - - - - - - - - And to thee I'll whis - per love, - - - - - - - - And to thee I'll whis - per love.

p CRES. p CRES.

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OH! EVER THUS FROM CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

Arranged and adapted to the words by G. KINGSLEY.

WITH EXPRESSION.

mf

CRES.

f

p

Oh! ev - er thus, from childhood's hour, I've seen my fond-est hopes de - cay; I ne-ver lov'd a tree or flow'r, But 'twas the first to fade a-

Digitized by Google

way; I ne-ver nurs'd a dear ga - zelle, To glad me with its soft blue eye, But when it came to know me well, - - - And

CRES.

CRES.

RITARD.

AD LIB.

love me, it was sure to die, it was sure to die, sure to die.

RITARD.

p A TEMPO.

f

p

fz

pp

Now, too, the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
Oh, misery! must I lose *that* too?
Yet go—on peril's brink we meet—
Those frightful rocks—that treacherous sea;
No, never come again;—though sweet—
Though heaven—it may be death to thee!

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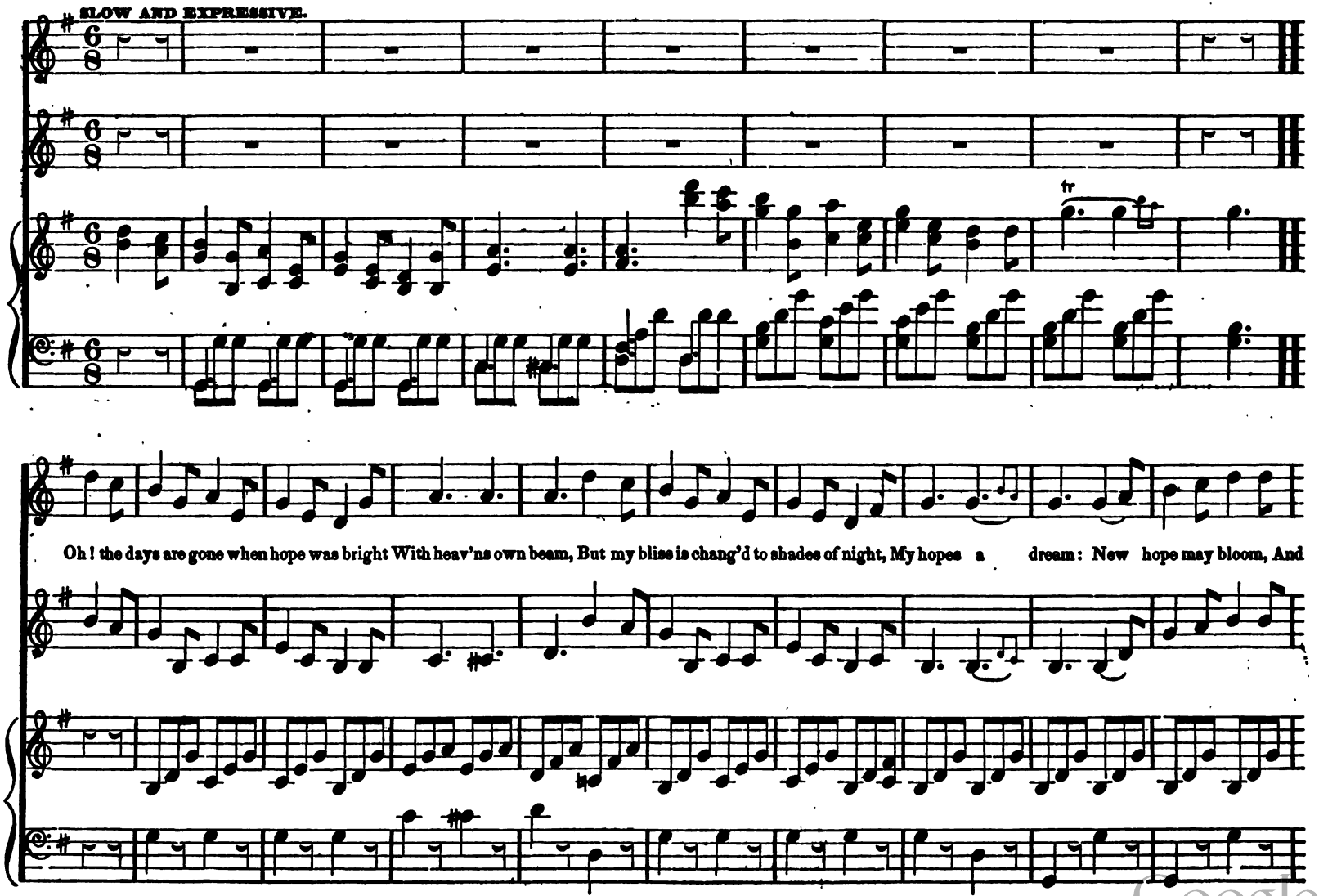
DUETT. CHRISTIAN'S FIRST LOVE.

Welsh Air....Arranged by G. KINGSLEY.



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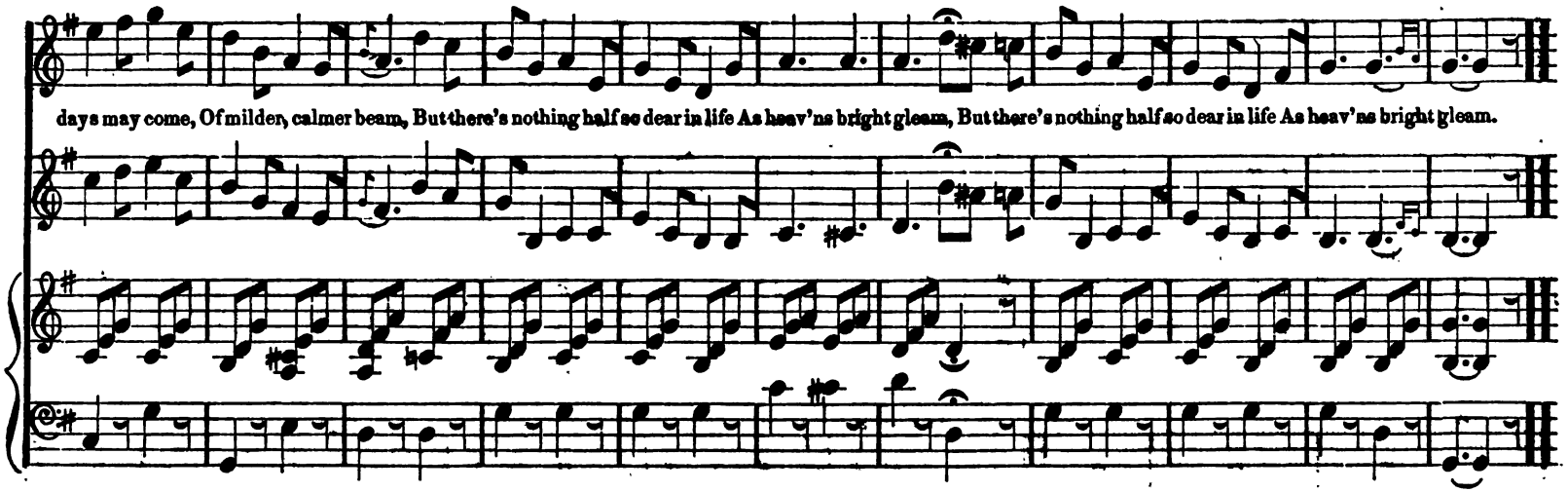
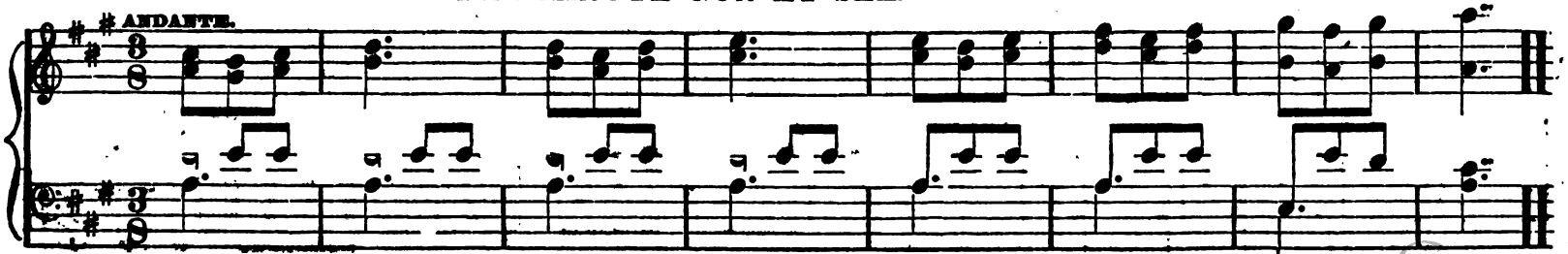


Though the heart to earthly fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung in heavenly lays
His soul-felt flame;
And with every breath he sung *His* praise,
The one loved name.

Oh! that hallow'd time is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced:
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste;
These tears are shed
For hope that's fled,
Like morning's winged dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On earth's cold stream,
Yet 'twill shine more sweet, more bright in heaven,
'Mong saints redeem'd.

DUETT. THE MINUTE GUN AT SEA.

M. C. KING.



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1st VOICE.

Let him who sighs in sad - ness here, Re - joice and know a friend is near!

Sva.

2d VOICE.

What heav'nly sounds are these I hear? What be - ing comes the gloom to cheer?

tr.

LOOD.

ALLEGRETTO.

CON BOL.

p

CRESC.

f

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ALLEGRETTO.

1st VOICE.

1 When, in the storm on Al - bion's coast, The night-watch guards his wea - - ry post, From thoughts of dan - ger

2d VOICE.

2 Swift on the shore a har - dy few, The life - boat man with a gal - - lant crew, And dare the dan - g'rous

free; He marks some ves - sel's dusk - y form, And hears a - mid the howl-ing storm, The

wave; Through the wild surf they cleave their way, Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they

mf CRES. *ff*

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mi - nute gun at sea, The minute gun at sea, And hears a - mid the howl - ing storm, The mi - nute gun at sea.

go the crew to save, For they go the crew to save, Lost in the foam, nor know dis - may, For they go the crew to save.

ALLEGRETTO.

But, oh! what rap - ture fills each breast Of the hope - less crew of the ship dis - tress'd, Then,

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land - ed safe, what joy to tell Of all the dan - gers that be - fell; Then is heard no

more, By the watch on the shore, Then is heard no more, By the watch on the shore, The mi - nute gun at sea.

p *p* *pp* *pp*

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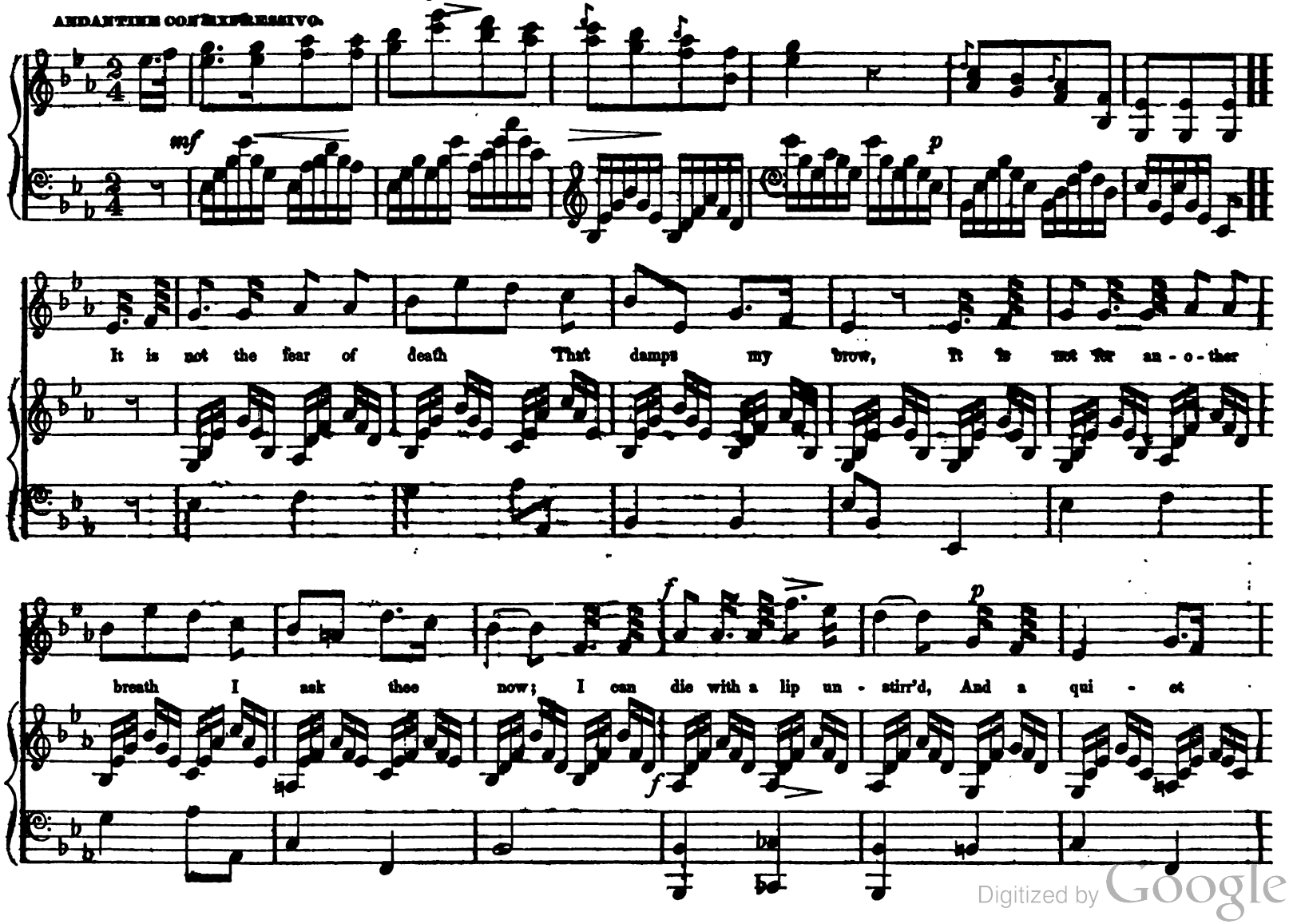

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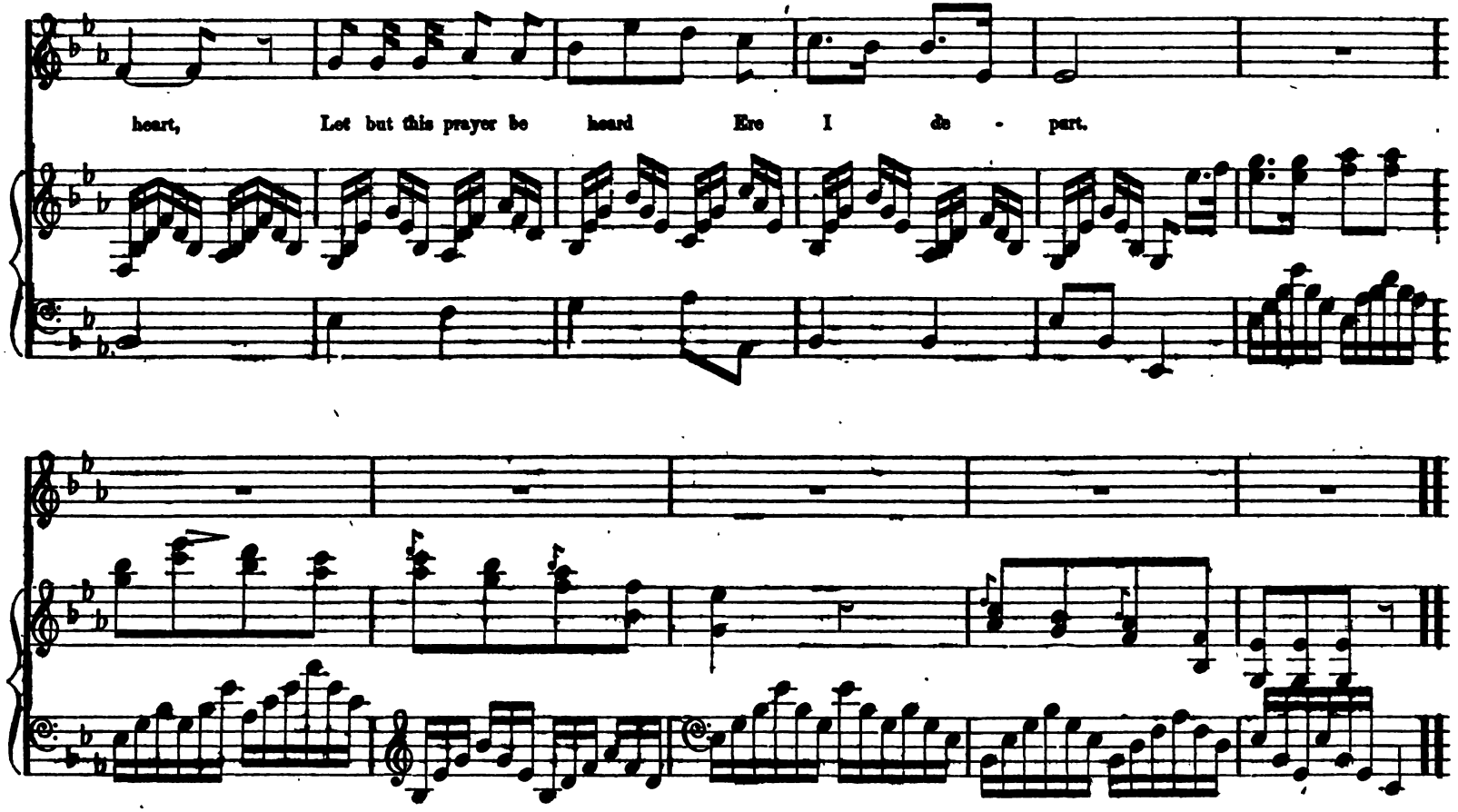

I can give up my mother's look,
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love, yet brook
A death like this:
I can give up the young fame
I burn'd to win—
All but the spotless name
I glory in!

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny
Joy for the hour I live,
Calmness to die:
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!

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DUETT. WEEP NOT FOR THOSE.

Arranged from a celebrated Scotch Melody.

ANDANTE.

O! weep not for friends who have gone to their rest, With hopes bright and pure to the land of the

O! weep not for those mid the hea-ven-ly choir, Whose spi-rits are rapt with a se-raph's bright

blest; Their spi-rits are freed from all earth-ly al-loy, Their sor-row and mourn-ing is chang'd in-to joy.

fire; With glit-ter-ing harps, and in hea-ven's own lays, With all the re-deem-ed are chanting his praise.

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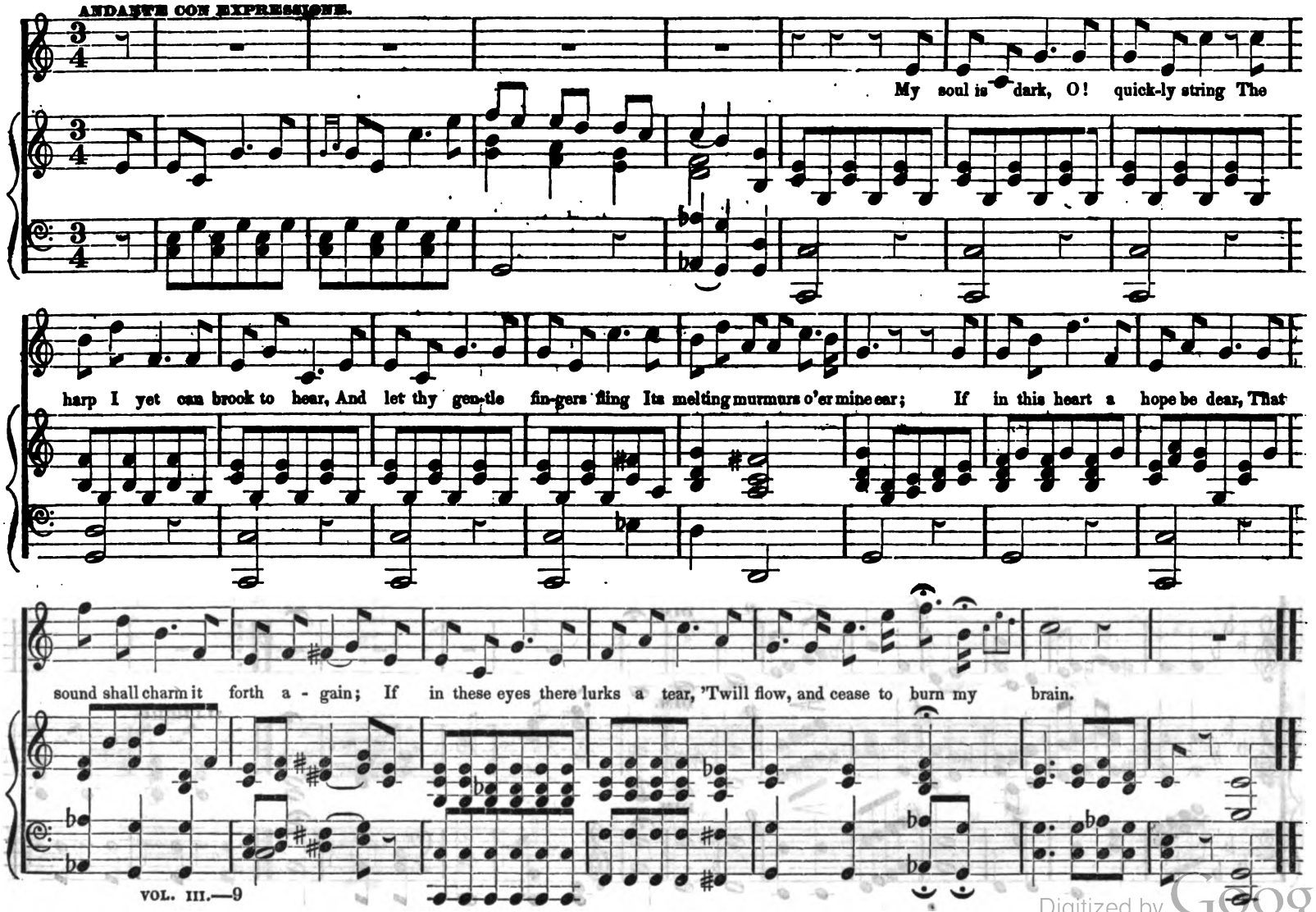

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LARGHETTO.
1st Treble.

mf

When thy bosom heaves the sigh, When the tear o'er - flows thine eye, May sweet hope af - ford re - lief, Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief,

2d Treble.

mf

Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief, Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

f *p* DIM.

ALLEGRO.

So the ten - der

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flower ap - pears, Till the sun - beam's ge - nial ray

Droop - ing wet with morn - ing tears,

ANDANTINO.

Chase the heavy dews a - way, When thy bo-som heaves the sigh, When the tear o'er-flows thine eye,

May sweet hope al-

Digitized by Google

When thy bo - som heaves the sigh, When the tear o'er - flows thine eye, May sweet

ford re - lief, Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief.

f *p*

hope af - ford re - lief, Cheer thy heart and calm thy grief. So the ten - der flower ap - pears,

Droop - ing

f *p*

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Till the sun-beams' ge - nial ray Chase the heavy dews a - way, a-

wet with morn - ing tears,

way, - - - - - a - way, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - a - way, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

So the ten-der flower appears, Drooping wet with morning tears, Till the sunbeam's genial ray Chase the morning dew away a - way,

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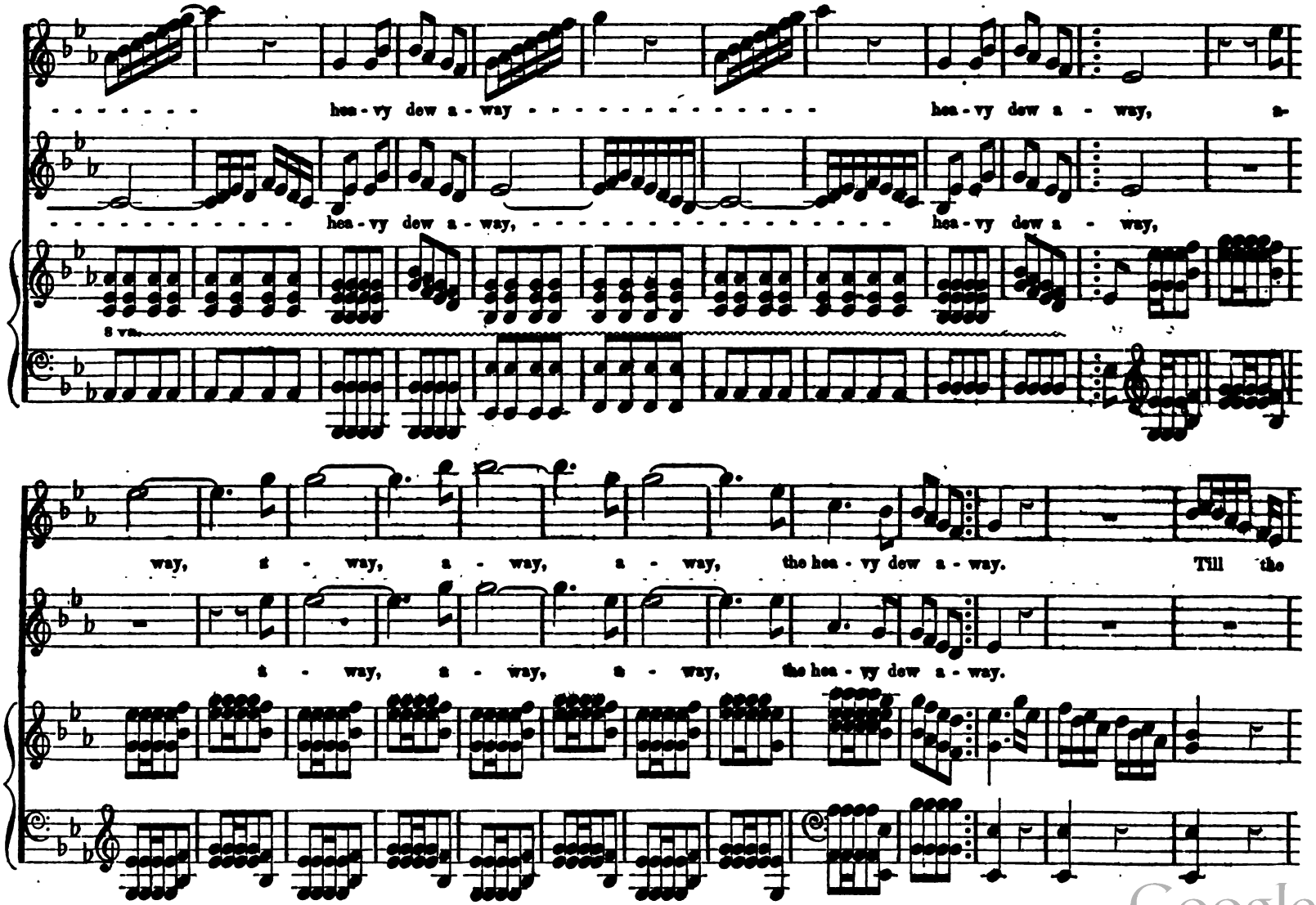

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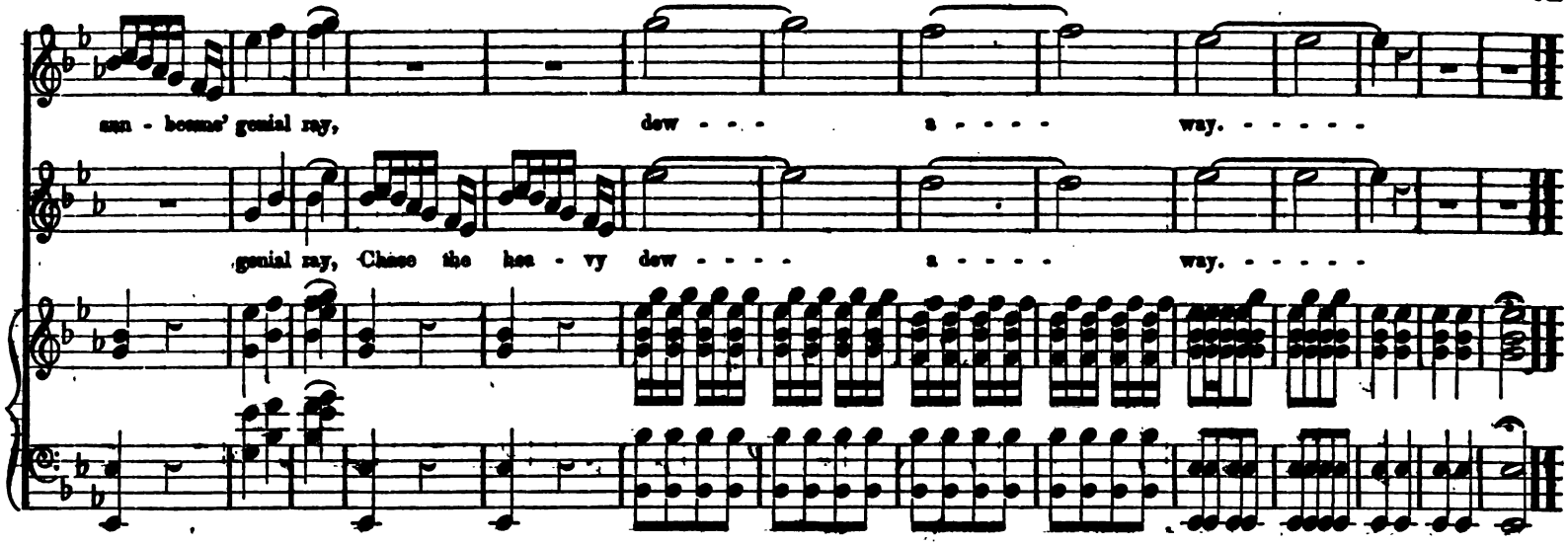
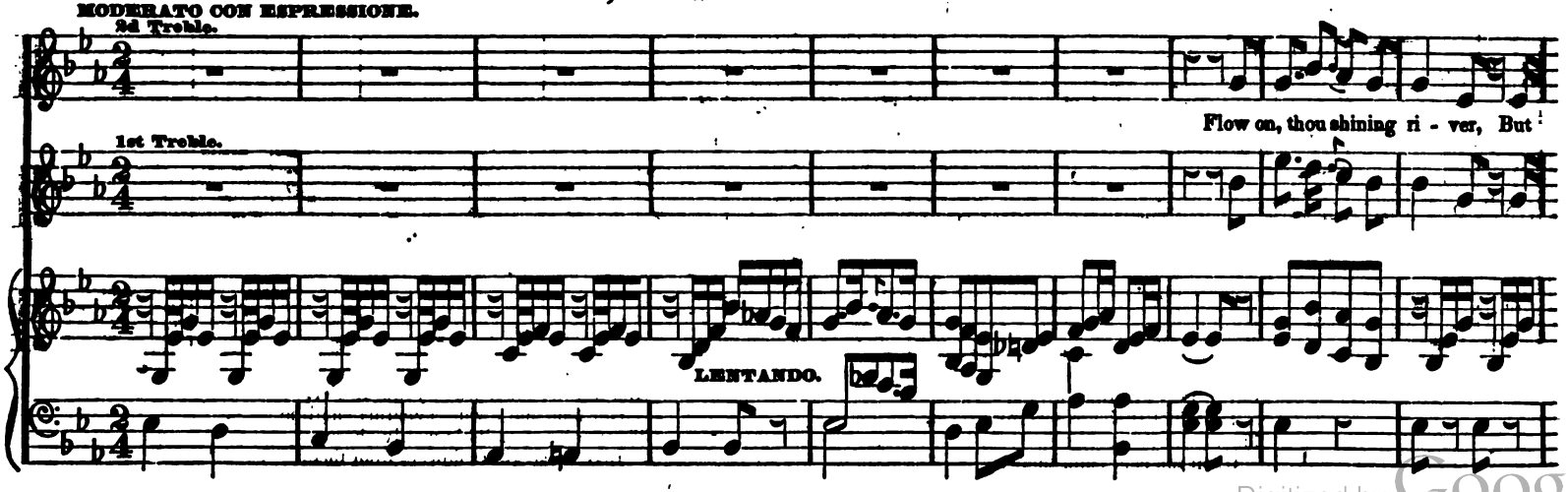


SONG. FLOW ON, THOU SHINING RIVER.

Poetry, MOORE....Portuguese Air.



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ere thou reach the sea, Seek Ella's bow'r and give her The wreath I fling o'er thee; And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, Our

And tell her thus, if she'll be mine, The cur - rent of our

lives shall be with joys to shine Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

lives shall be With joys a-long their course to shine, Like those sweet flow'rs on thee.

But if, in wandering thither,
Thou find'st she mocks my prayer,
Then leave those wreaths to wither
Upon the cold bank there;

And tell her thus, when youth is o'er,
Her lone and loveless charms shall be
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

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RATHER SLOW AND WITH PATHOS.

Hope that grac'd my early day, Fair and free, fair and free, Like a dream has pass'd away, Far frae me! Hope that grac'd my ear - ly day, Fair and free, fair and free, Like a dream has pass'd away, Far frae me! By the chain of fate I'm bound, In de- spair I gaze around, Yet no joy for me is found, Hone a rie! hone a rie! Yet no joy for me is found, Hone a rie!

CRES. RITARD. DIM.

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CATCH. MR. SPEAKER.

1 Mis-ter Speaker, though 'tis late, Mis - ter Speaker, though 'tis late, though 'tis late, I must length - - - - - - en the de-

2 Question, question, question, question, ques-tion, hear him, hear him, hear. Sir, I shall name you if you

3 Or-der, or-der, or-der, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup-port the

bate, I must length - - - - - - en the de - bate, Mis - ter Speak-er, though 'tis late, I must length-en the de - bate.

stir, if you stir, sir, I shall name you if you stir, sir, I shall name you, sir, I shall name you, sir, I shall name you if you stir.

chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup-port the chair, ques-tion, or - der, hear him, hear, pray sup - port, sup-port the chair.

SONG. THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

M. W. BALFE.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

p DOLCE.

pp

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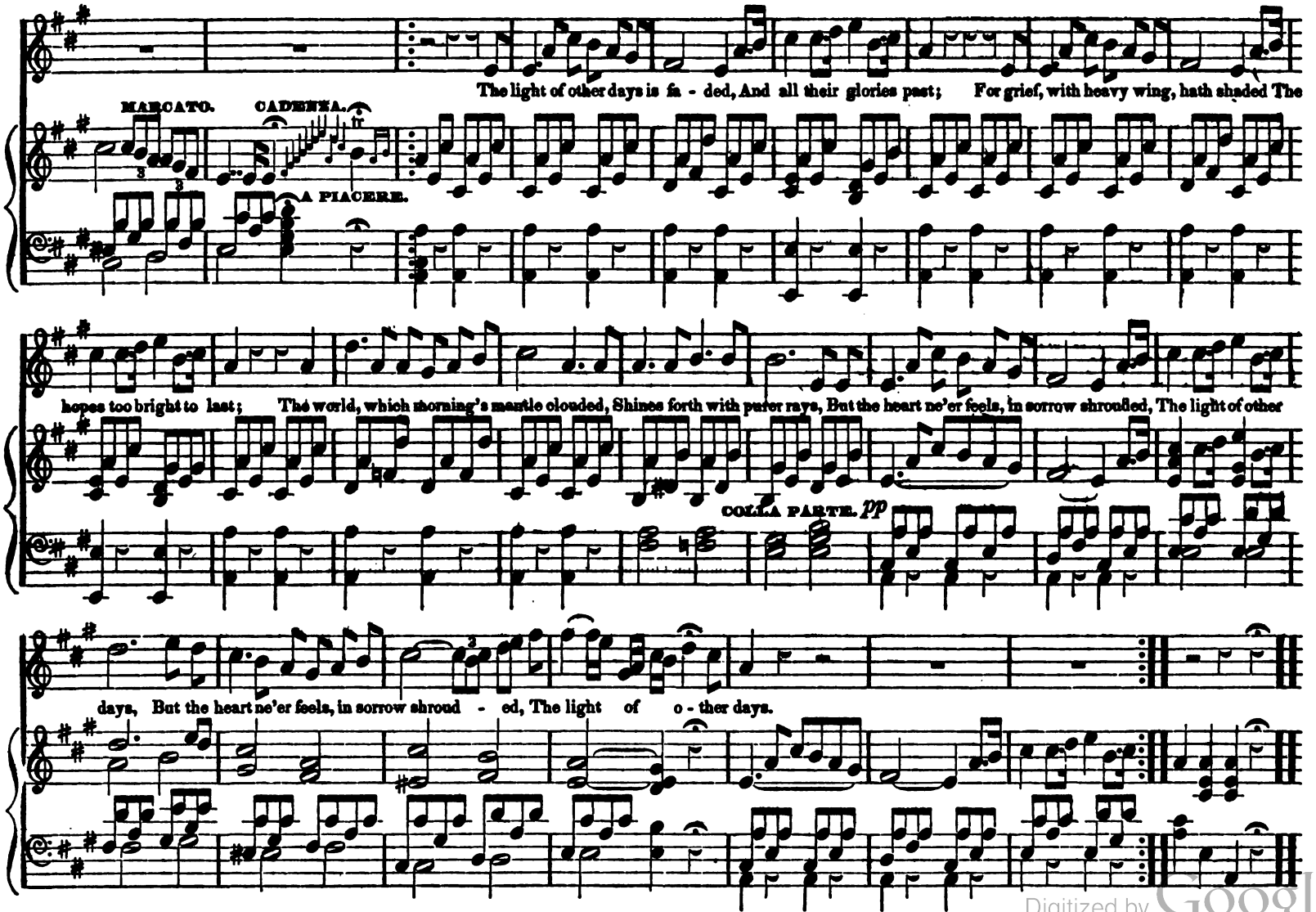

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1st Treble.

2d Treble.

ANDANTE.

Fare thee well! and if for ever, Still for ev-er, fare thee well! E'en tho' un-for-giv-ing, ne - ver, E'en tho' unforgiving, never shall this heart re - bel, never, never shall this heart re - bel. Would that breast were bar'd before thee, Where thy head so oft has lain, While that placid sleep came

CRES. *f* *p* ESPRESS. *f*

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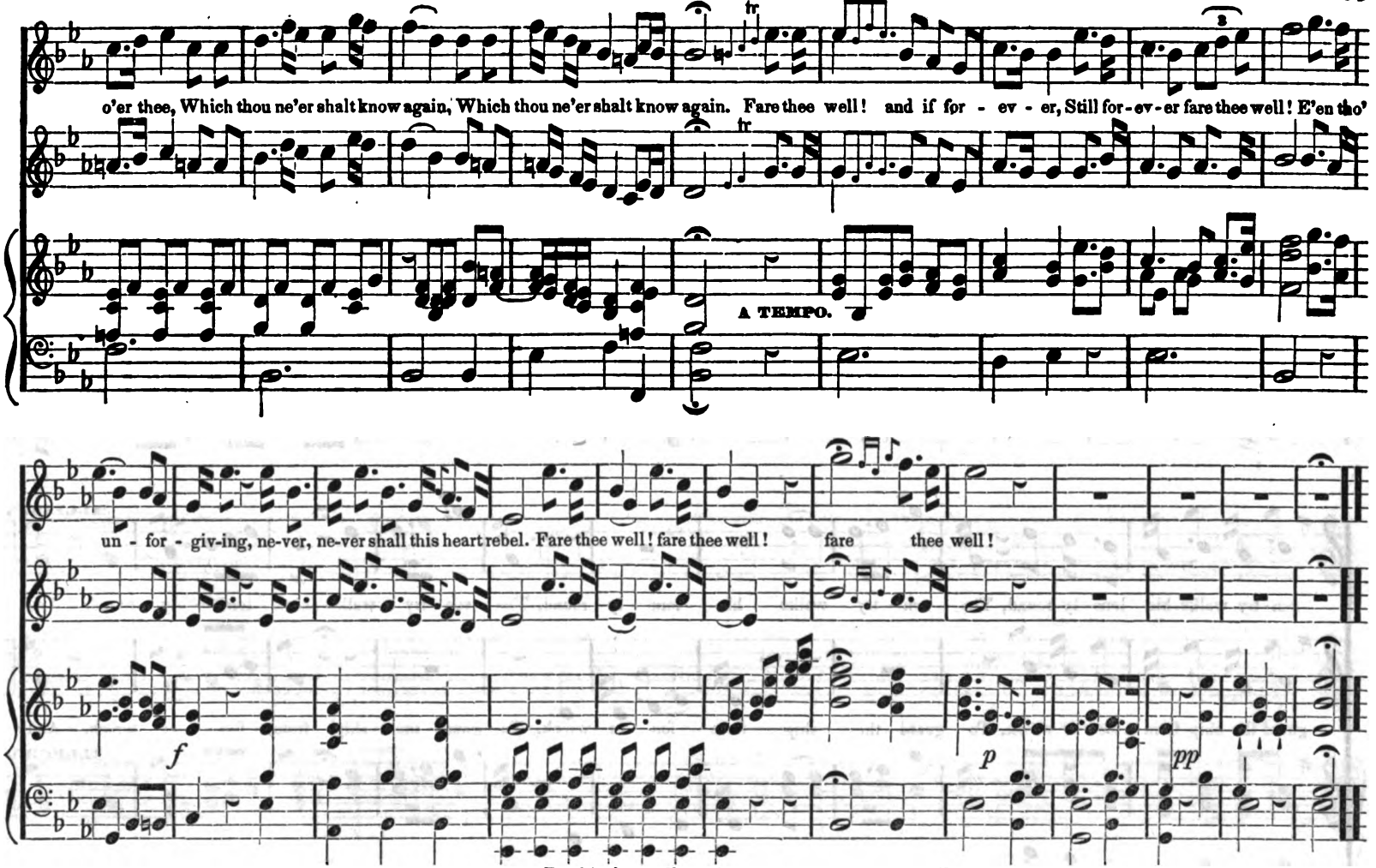

Every feeling hath been shaken—
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
E'en my soul forsakes me now;

But 'tis done, all words are idle;
Words from me are vainer still:
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie;
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this, I scarce can die.

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ADAGIO.

De - sert - ed by the wa - ning moon, When skies pro-claim night's cheer-less noon, On tow - er, fort, or tent - ed ground, The

Or sail - ing on the mid - night deep, While wea - ry mess-mates sound - ly sleep, The care - ful watch pa - trols the deck, To

sen - try walks his lone - ly round, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round, The sen - try walks his lone - ly round. And

ALLEGRO.

guard the ship from foe or wreck, To guard the ship from foe or wreck, To guard the ship from foe or wreck. And

ALLEGRO.

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should a foot-step haply stray Where caution marks the guarded way, Where caution marks the guarded way, the guard - ed way—Who goes there?

while his thoughts oft homeward veer, Some friendly voice salutes his ear; Some well known voice salutes his ear, salutes his ear—What cheer?

ADAGIO.

Stranger, quick-ly tell!— A friend!— The word!— Good-night!— All's well! All's well! The word!—Good-night! All's well!

Brother, quick-ly tell!— A - bove— be - low— Good-night!— All's well! All's well! A-bove— be - low— All's well!

ADAGIO.

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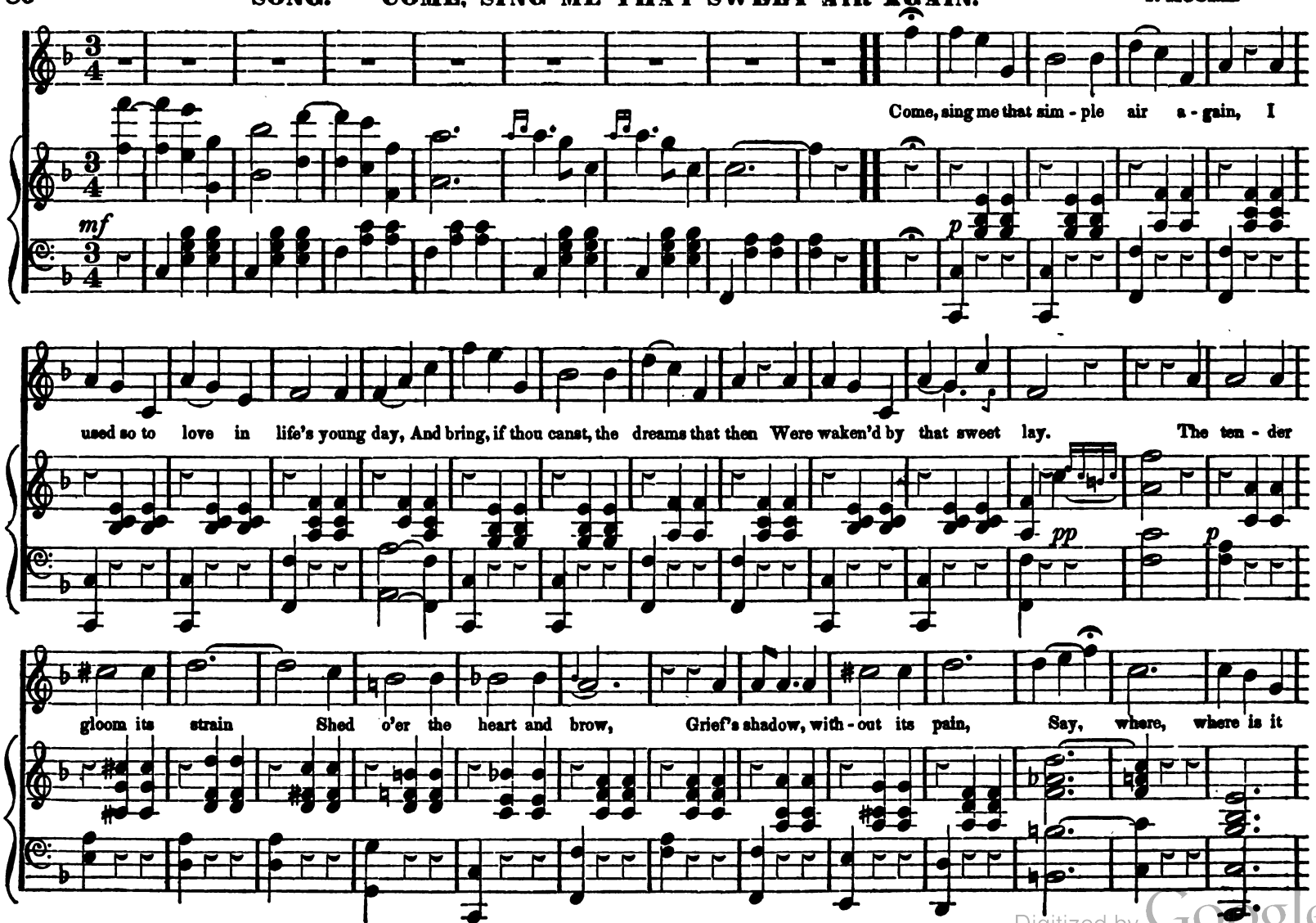

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now! But play me the well-known air once more, For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain, Like dreams of some far

fai - ry shore, We're never to see a - gain.

mf

Sweet air! how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd e'en its tears with light.
The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow:

The fear, the bliss, the shame,
Say, where, where are they now?
But still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 'twere thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth, and love, and song,
To breathe life's hour away.

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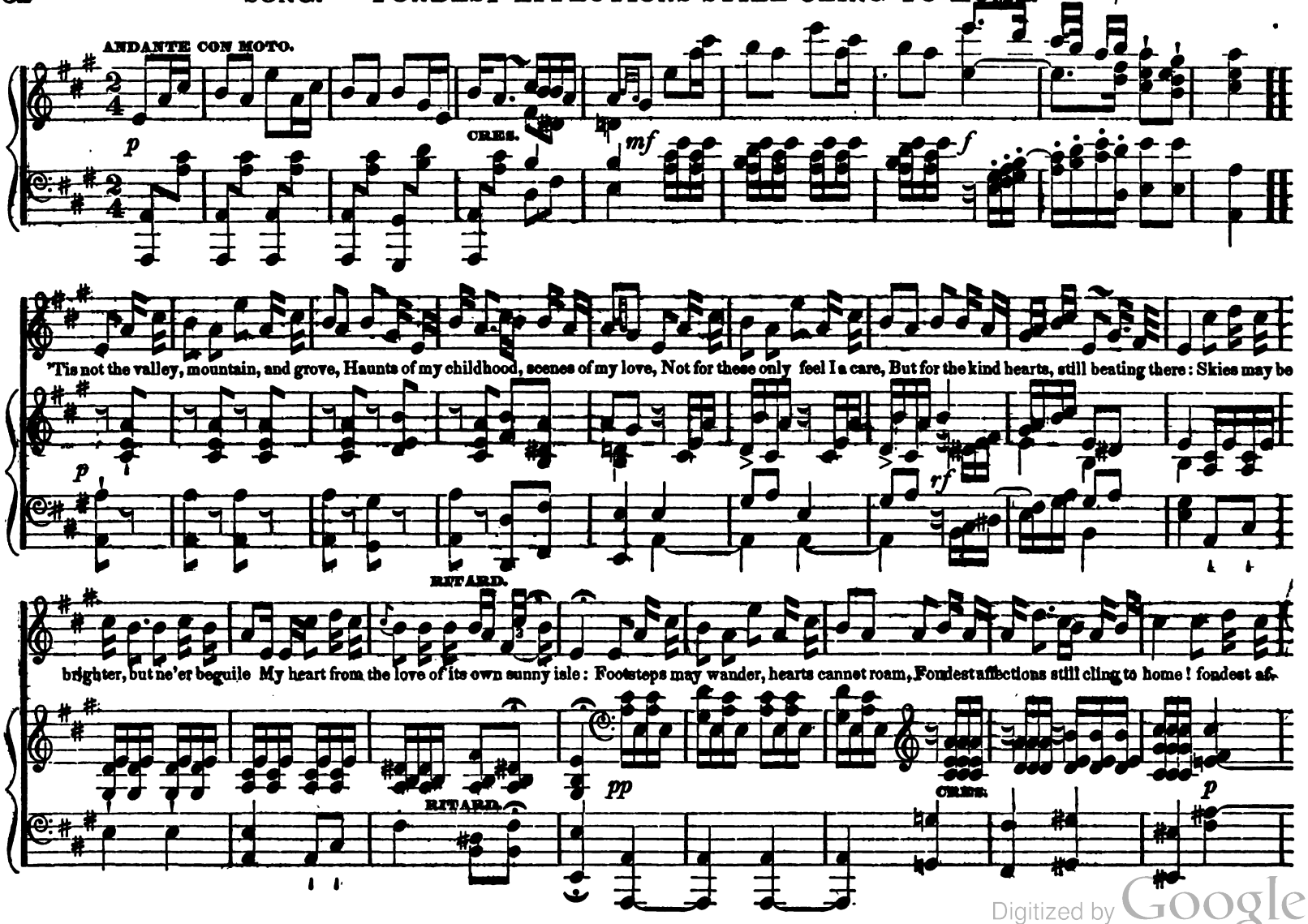

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RITARD.

fec-tions still cling to home! Home! there's a magic e'en in the name, Cottage or palace, still 'tis the

pp f p

RITARD.

same. Fond hearts may se-ver, true ones may roam, But their affections still cling to home! 'Tis not the valley, mountain, and grove, Haunts of my childhood, scenes of my love, Not for these

rf pp

RITARD.

on-ly shed I a tear, But for the kind hearts, still beating there, But for the kind hearts, still beating there.

CRES. p pp mf f

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8va.
Allegretto.

f

When the morning first dawns, we will seek the green hill, Before the horn from the peak wakes the plain, Before the horn from the peak wakes the plain, And

LOCO.

p CRES. DIM.

list to the hum of the wild mountain rill, Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thrilling strain; Or join with pure hearts in the lark's thrilling strain, the lark's thrilling strain, Or

p CRES.

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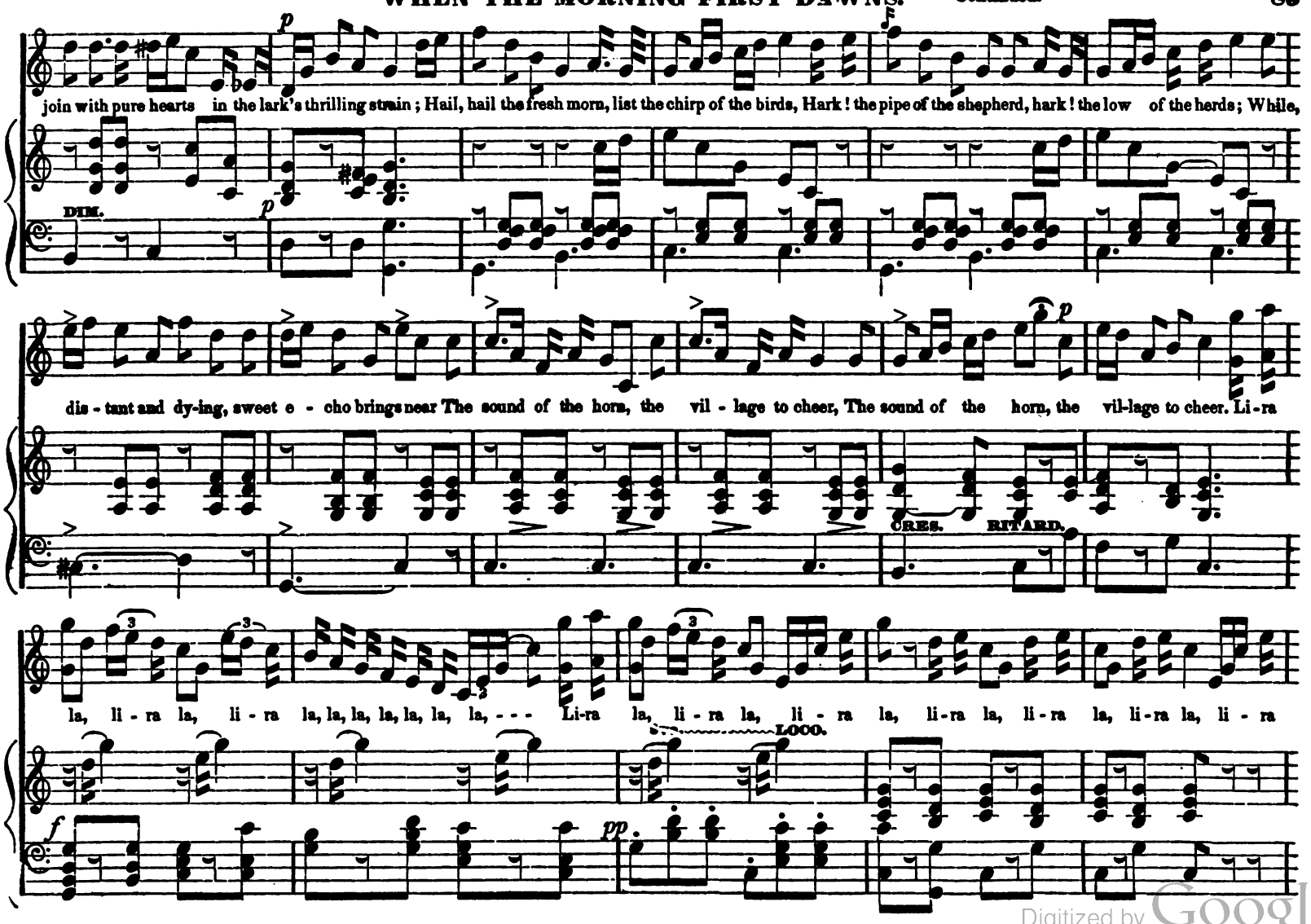

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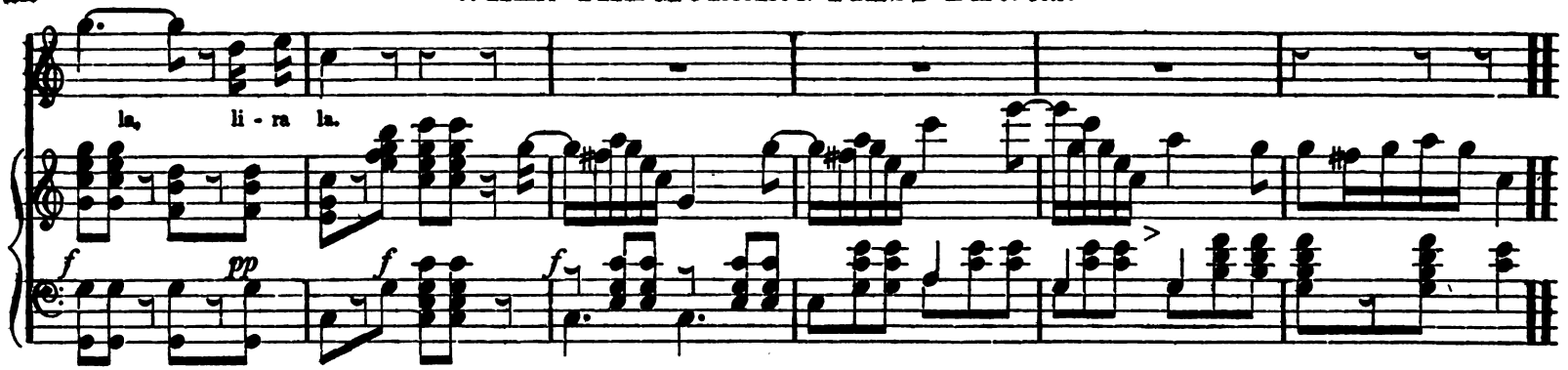
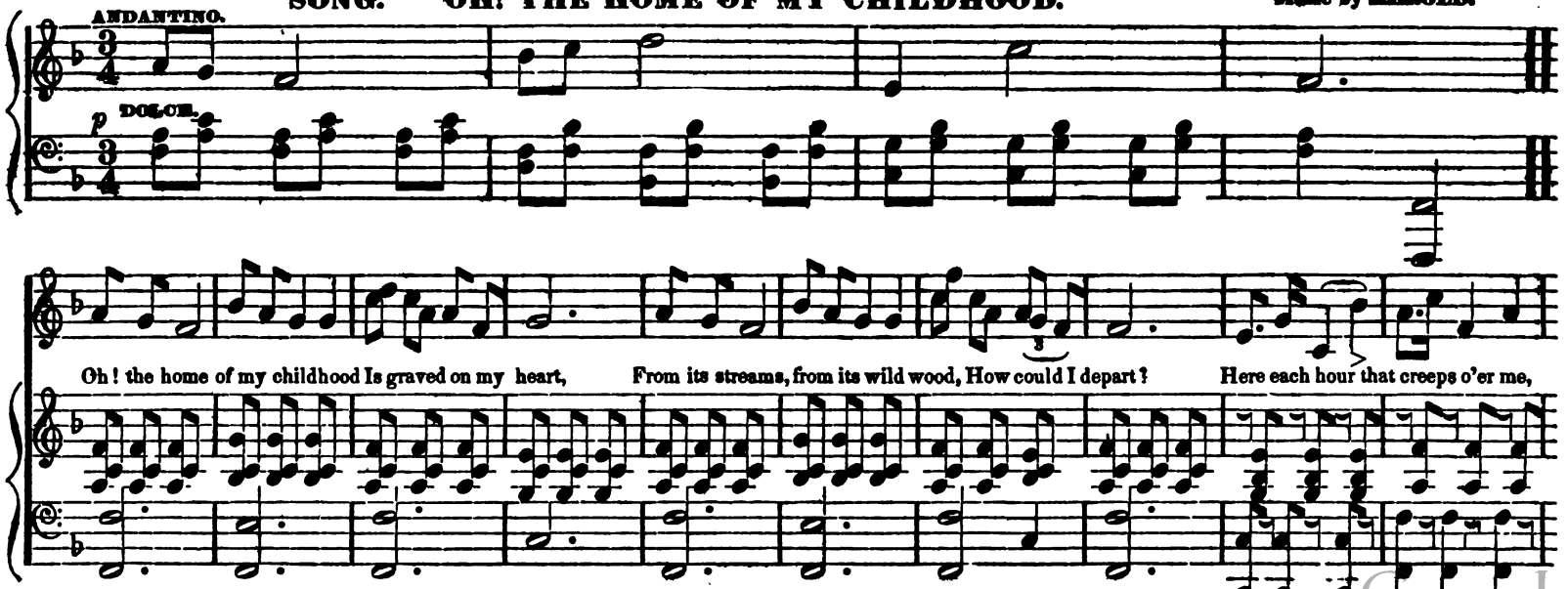


When the first star of evening illumines the sky,
And herds from the hills seek their homes in the vale,
Hand in hand we will roam, the lone rivulet by,
And list to the nightingale's heart-soothing tale.

Hail, hail the calm eve—see, each bird flies to rest;
See the wife spread the board, and the hind seek his rest:
While, distant and dying, sweet echo brings near
The sound of the horn, the village to cheer. Lira la, &c.

SONG. OH! THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Music by HEROLD.



Oh! the home of my childhood Is graved on my heart, From its streams, from its wild wood, How could I depart? Here each hour that creeps o'er me,

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Brings a tear or a sigh: To that home, ah! restore me, Or let me, let me die! To that home, ah! restore me, or let me, let me die.

There is peace on the mountains,
There is joy in the vales:
No tear, save the fountain's,
No sigh, save the gale's;

Still in memory before me
All those loved places lie,
To my home, ah! restore me,
Or let me, let me die.

SONG. AWAY, AWAY, TO THE MOUNTAIN'S BROW.

ALEXANDER LEE.

ANDANTE QUASI ALLEGRETTO.

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A - way, a - way, to the mountain's brow, Where the trees are gen - tly

wa - ving; A - way, a - way, a - way, To the mountain's brow, Where the stream - -

CRES. pp f DIM.

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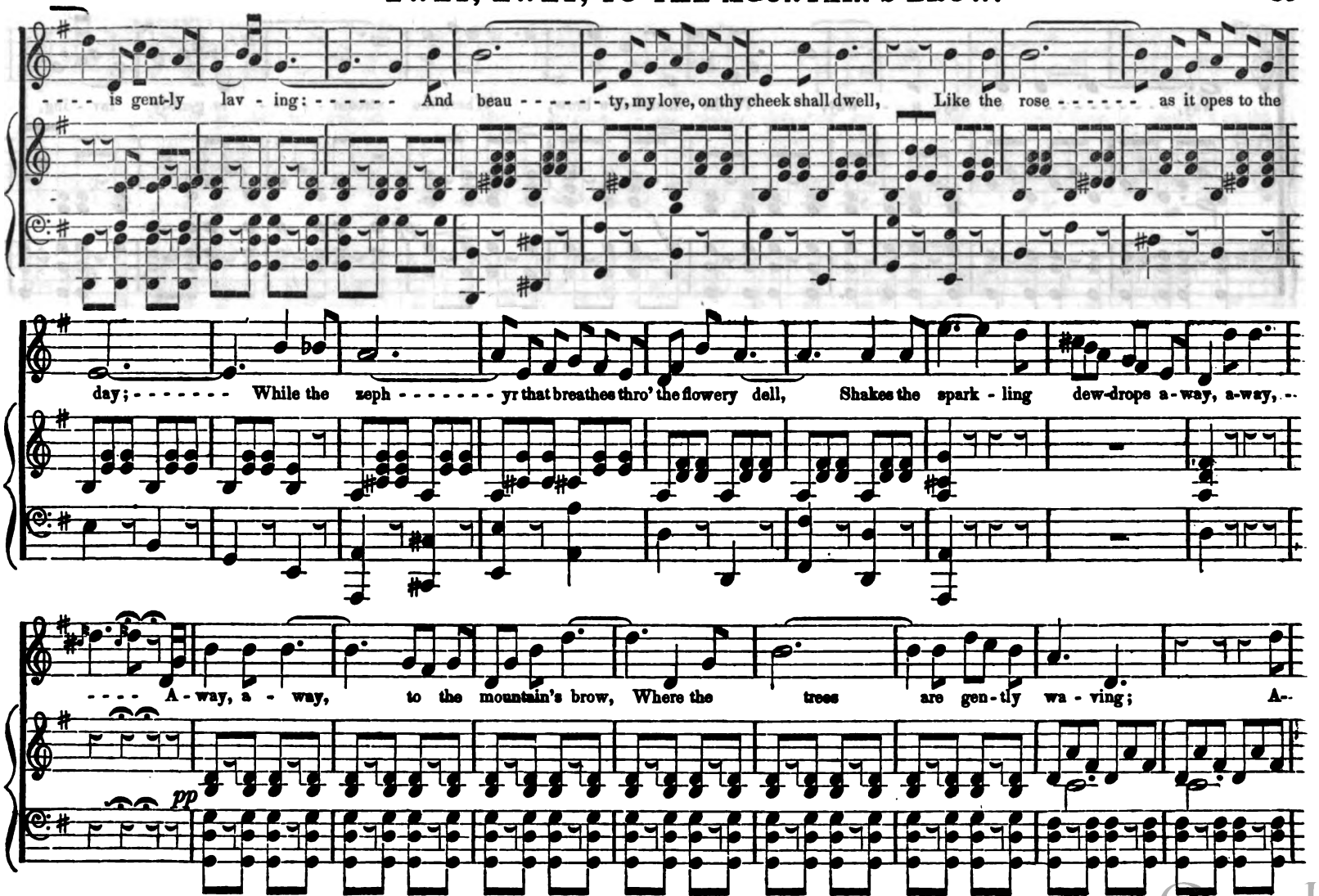

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way, - - - - - - - - - a - way, a - way, To the mountain's brow, Where the stream - - - - - is gent-ly lav - ing,

f *pp*

Where the stream - - - - - is gent - ly lav - ing, Where the stream - - - - - - is - - - gent - - - - - ly lav - ing.

LENTANDO.

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Poetry, R. H. WILDE.
Music, G. KINGSLEY.

ANDANTINO.

My life is like the summer rose That o - pens to the morning sky, And ere the shades of evening close, Is scatter'd on the ground, to die; Yet on that rose's humble bed The softest dews of night are shed, As though she wept such waste to see; But none shall drop a tear for me.

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SONG. TWILIGHT DEWS.

ANDANTE.

p

When twilight dews are falling fast Up-on the ro-sy sea; I watch that star whose beam so oft Has lighted me to thee; And thou too on that

p LEGATO.

orb so dear, Ah! dost thou gaze at ev'n, And think, tho' lost for ev-er here, Thou'lt yet be mine in heav'n! And thou too on that orb so dear, Ah!

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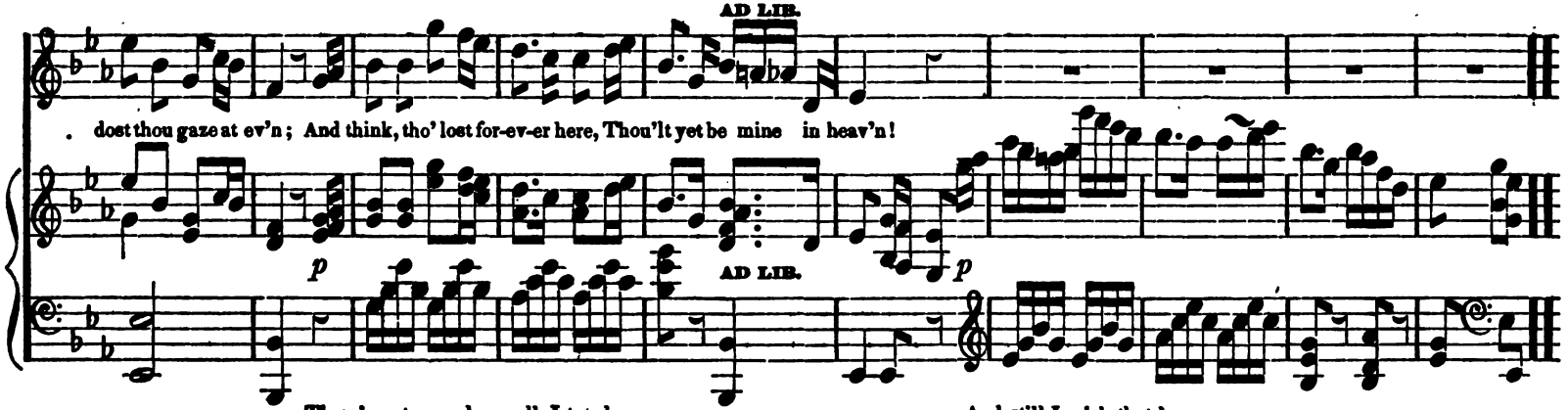
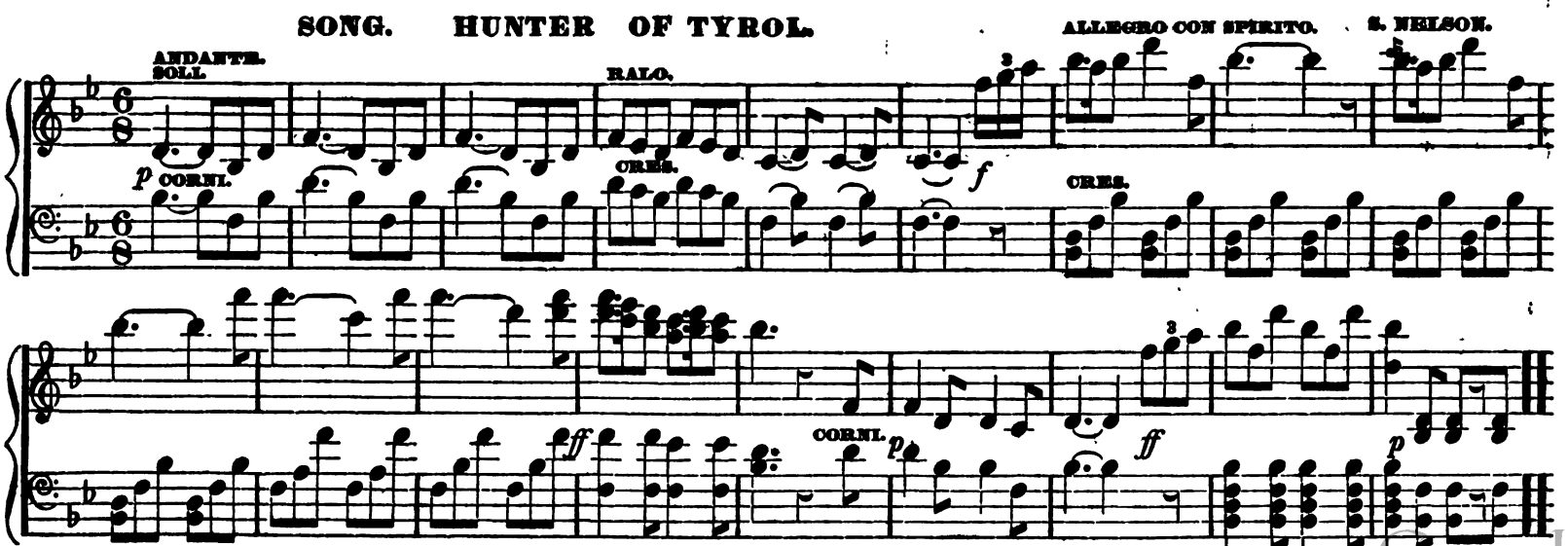


SONG. HUNTER OF TYROL.



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Hark to the distant horn! List to the hunter's cry! Whilst sweet - ly the e - choes O'er val-ley and mountain fly.

Swift as the fa - tal dart, Hurl'd at the fo-rest boar; The hun - ter leaves the hill, When the toils of chase are o'er;

The hun-ter leaves the hill, When the toils of chase are o'er. Hark to the distant

AD LIB.

pp

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horn! List to the hun-ter's cry! How sweet are the e - chees, That follow the mountain horn! How sweet are the

echoes, the echoes, the echoes, That follow the mountain horn.

AD LIB. CORNI. TEMPO. *f* *f* CRES.

p *ff* *p*

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SONG OF DAVID.

Poetry, MOORE.

WITH ENERGY AND FEELING.

p *mf* *pp*

Lonely! How can I lone - ly be? Thou meet'st me still, where'er I go; And heav'n a - bove, and earth below, are full of thee; are full, O Lord, of thee.

p *mf* *pp*

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Friendless! No, with my God for guide, Like those of old thy Spirit led, Through fire, unharm'd, wher - e'er I tread, Thou'lt

by my side; Thou, Lord, art by my side.

p *mf* DOL.

Joyless! can there be joy like this?
To see heaven's light where'er I turn,
In flowers that blush, in stars that burn,
All types of bliss;
Of thee, and endless bliss.

Grateful! O, were long ages mine,
And every breath of every day
Wing'd thanks to Thee, 'twould coldly pay
Such love as thine;
Such love, O Lord, as thine.

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CON SPIRITO.

Ye sons of free-dom, a-wake to glo - ry: Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise; Your children, wives, and grandsires hoa - ry, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries. Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling host, a ruf - fian band, Af- fright and desolate the land, While peace and li-ber-ty lie bleed-ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! The avenging sword unsheath! March

ff

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on, march on! All hearts re - solv'd on vic - to - ry or death: March on, march on!

Tenor.

Bass.

All hearts re - solv'd on vic - to - ry or death.

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THERE'S A CHARM IN SPRING.

Poetry, DICKENS....Music, HULLAH.

p

There's a charm in spring, when ev'ry thing Is bursting from the ground; When

pp CRES. *mf*

pleasant show'rs bring forth the flow'rs, And all is life, is life a - round. In sum - mer's day, the fra-grant hay Most sweet-ly scents the

breeze, And all is still, save murm'ring rill, Or sounds of humming bees, Or sounds of humming bees.

p *p*

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QUARTETTES AND TRIOS.

ALLEGRO MAESTOSO.

HAIL WE THIS HAPPY DAY.

Music from BELLINI'S celebrated Opera of The Stranger.

ff

p

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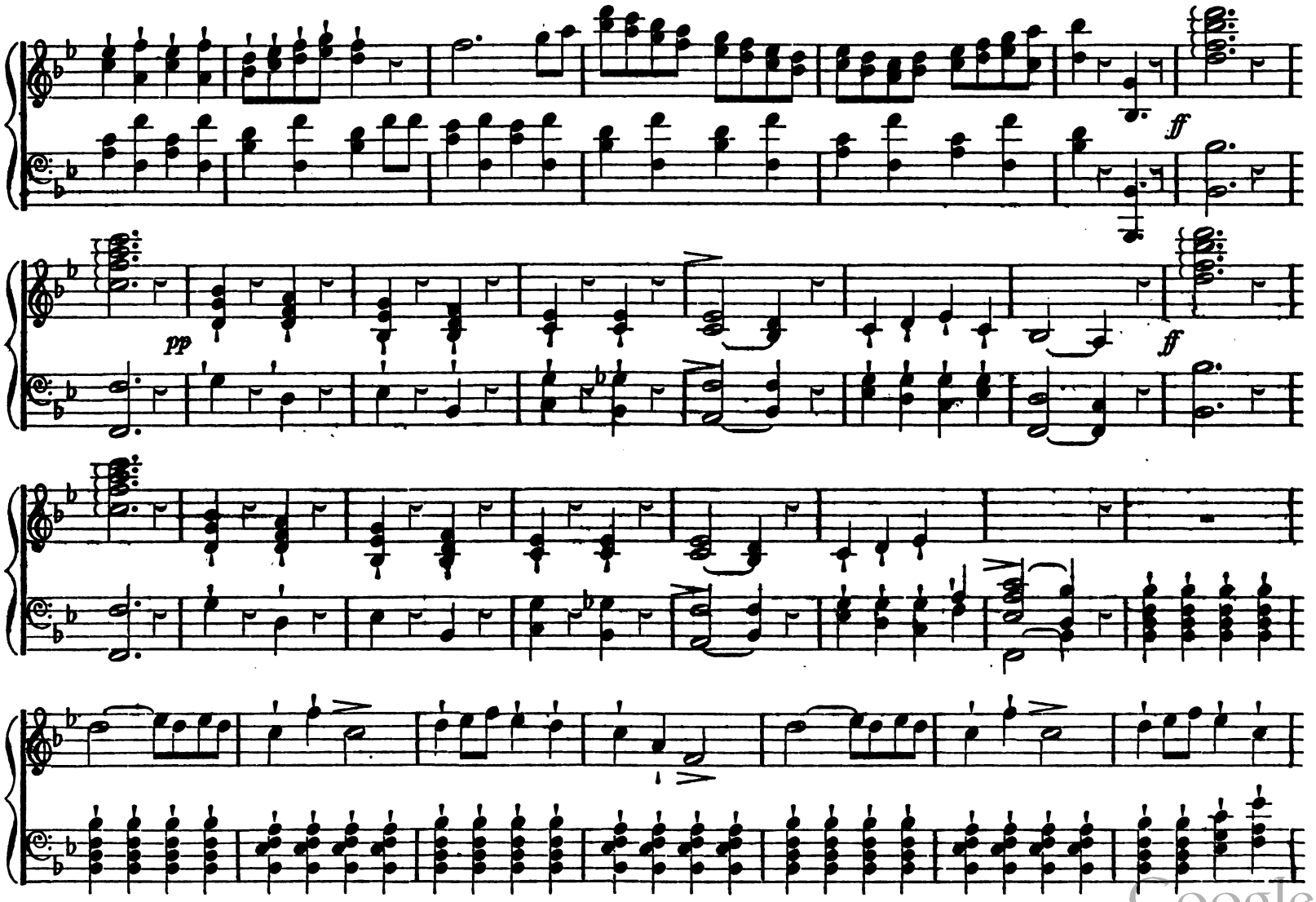

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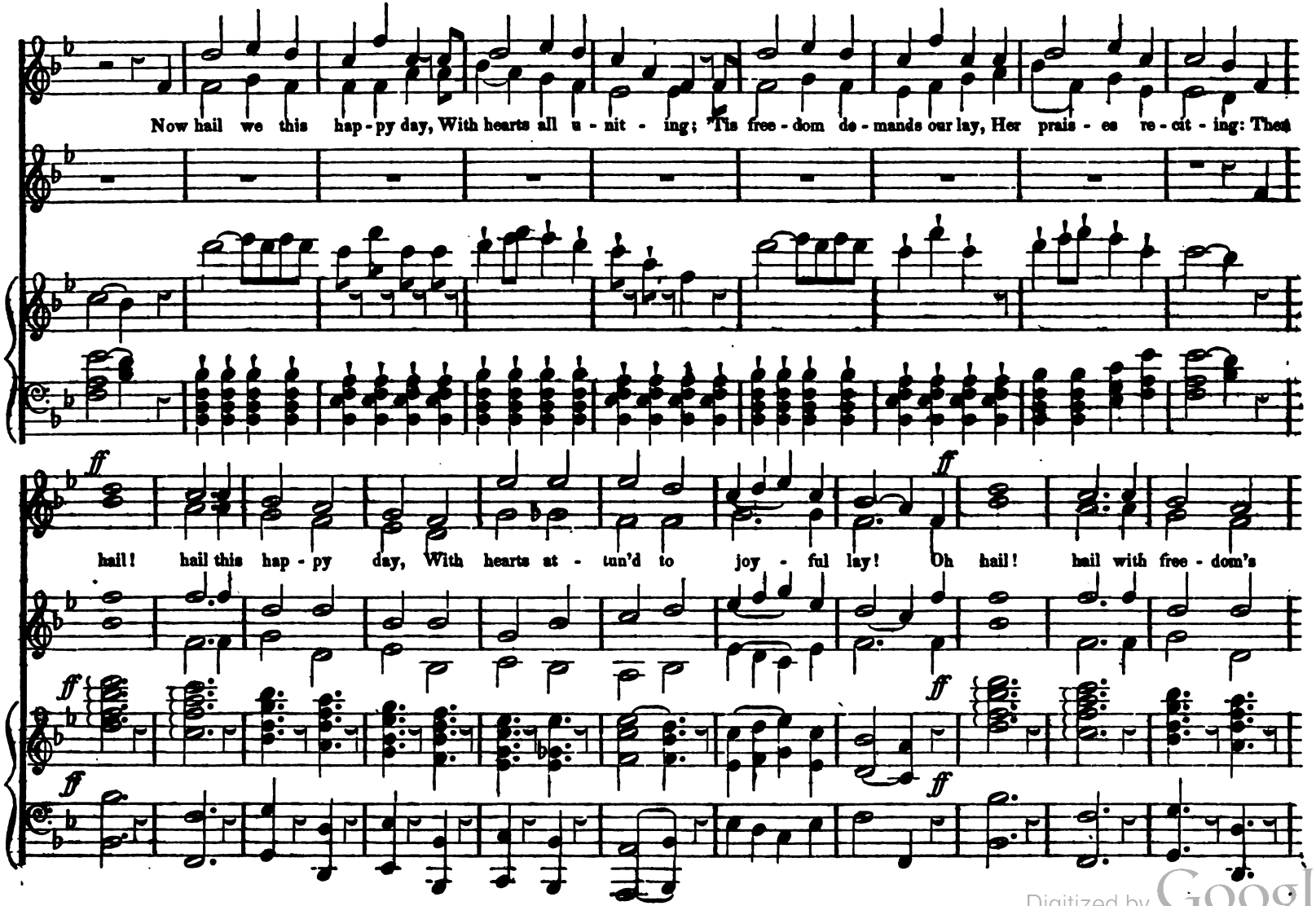

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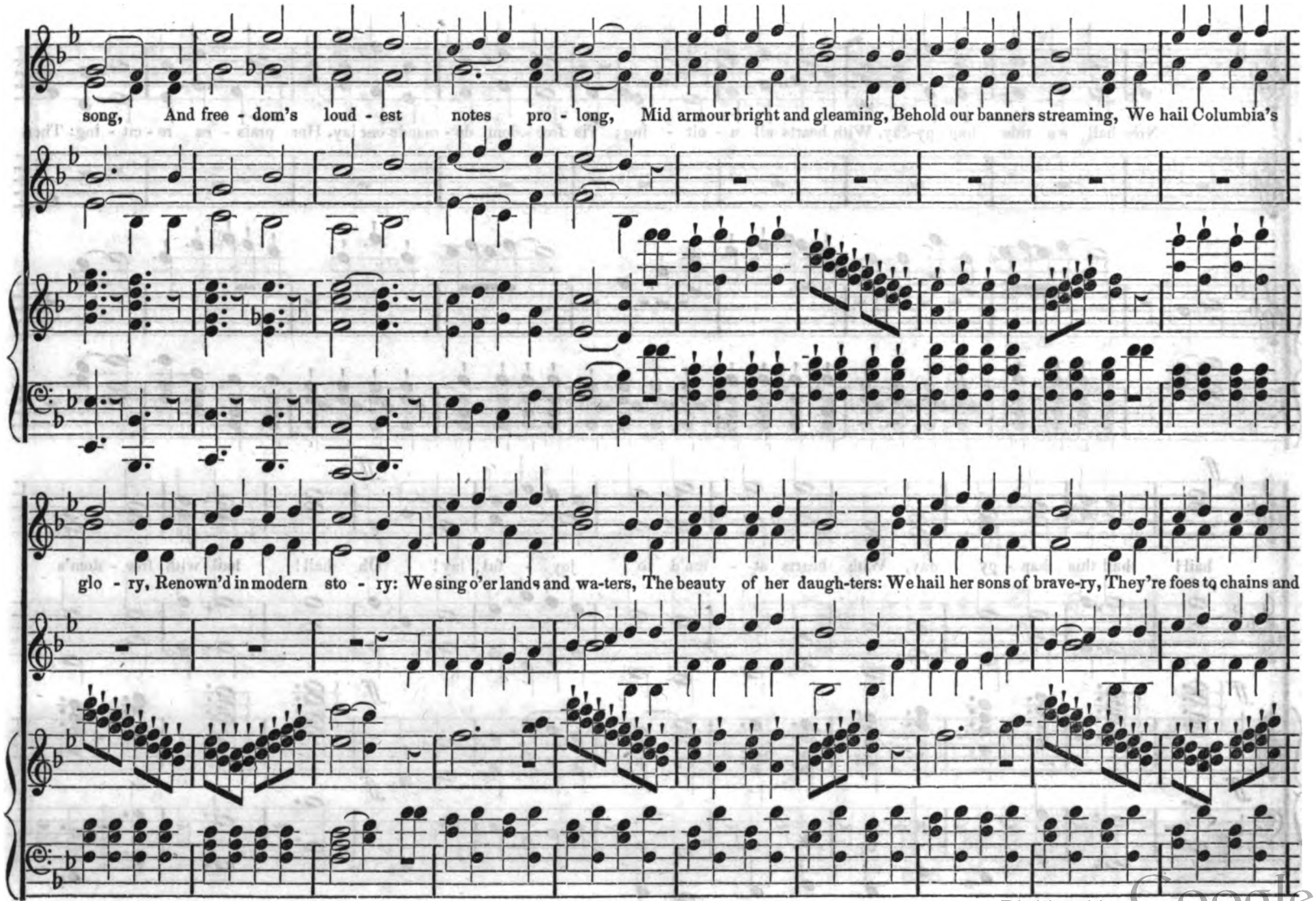

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slave-ry. Then hail! hail this hap-py day, With hearts at - - - tun'd to joy - - - - ful

lay, Oh hail! hail with free-dom's song, And free-dom's loud-est notes pro-long.

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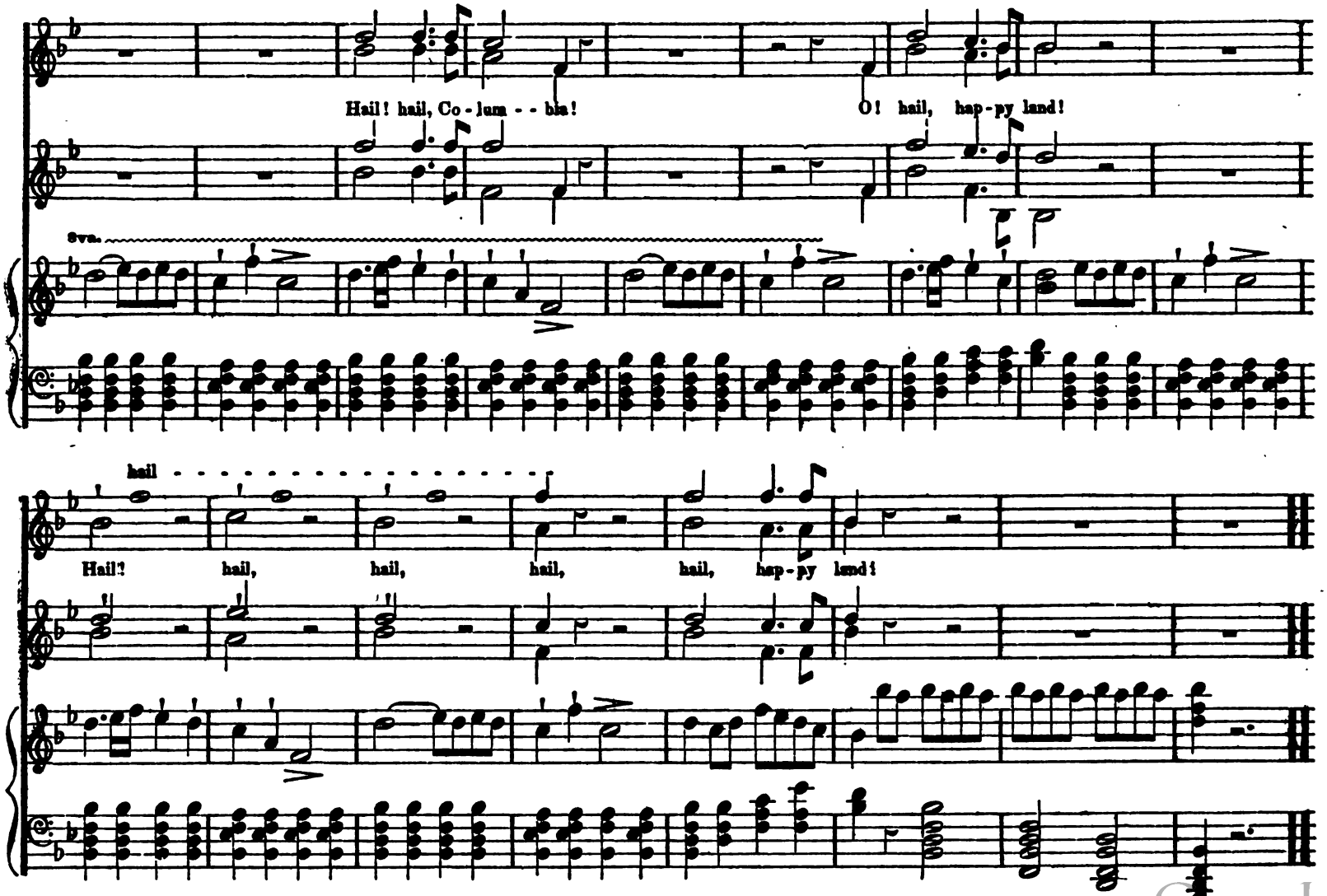

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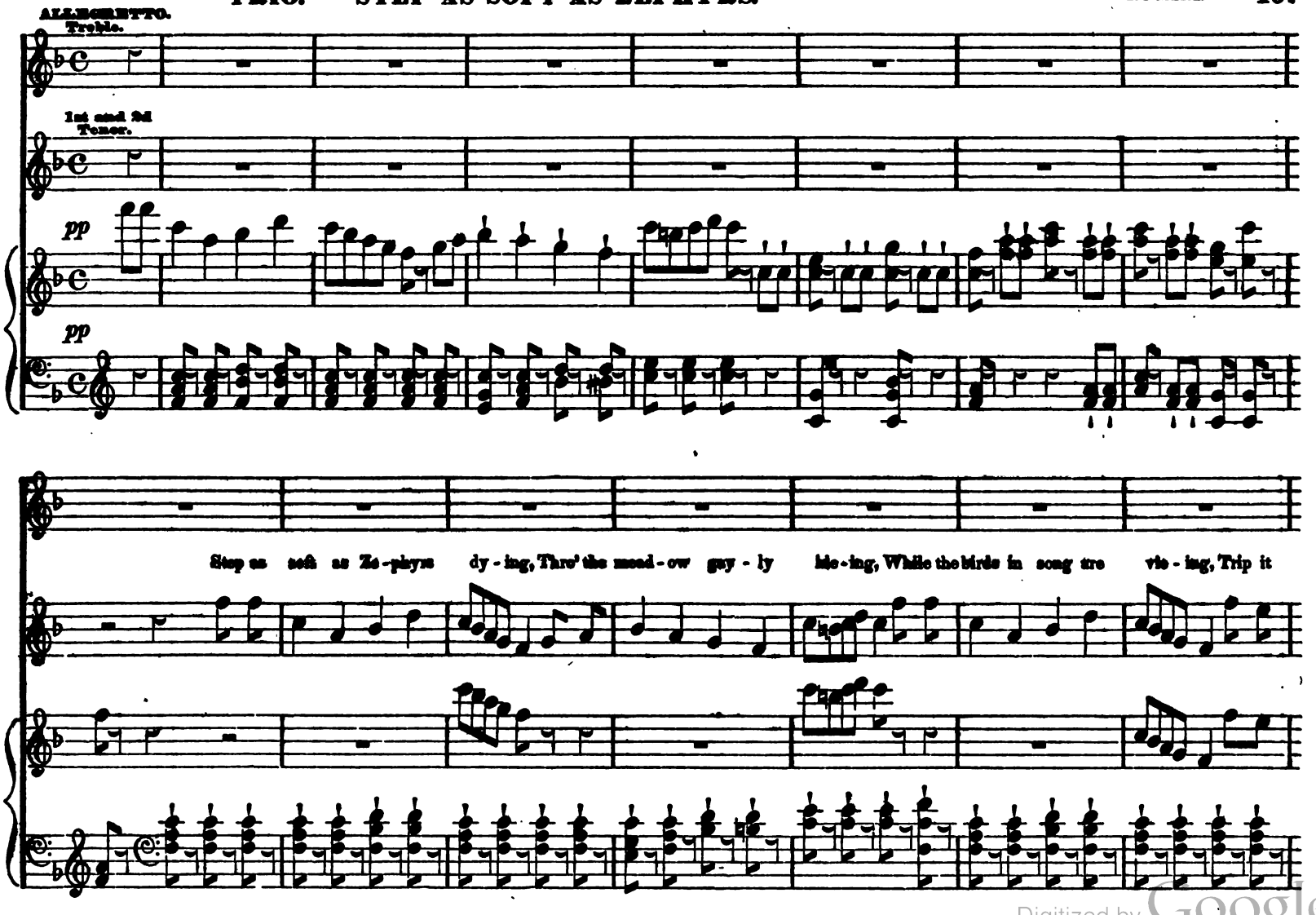

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Treble.

light-ly and a - - way. Step as soft as ze-phyrs dy - ing, Thro' the mead-ow gay - ly hie - ing, While the birds in song are vie - ing. Trip it

light-ly and a - way. Step as soft as ze-phyrs dy - ing, Thro' the mead-ow gay - ly hie - ing, While the birds in song are vie - ing. Trip it;

3d VOICE. 2d VOICE. 3d VOICE.

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SOTTO VOCE.

light-ly and a-way, While the birds in song are vie-ing, Trip it light-ly and a-way. *pp* pia-no, pia-no. Step as

ff *pp*

ff *pp*

ff *pp*

soft as ze-phyrs dy-ing, pi-ano, pi-ano, pi-ano, pray. Step as soft as ze-phyrs dy-ing, Thro' the mead-ow gay-ly hie-ing, While the

Thro' the mead-ow gay-ly hie-ing, gay-ly hie-ing.

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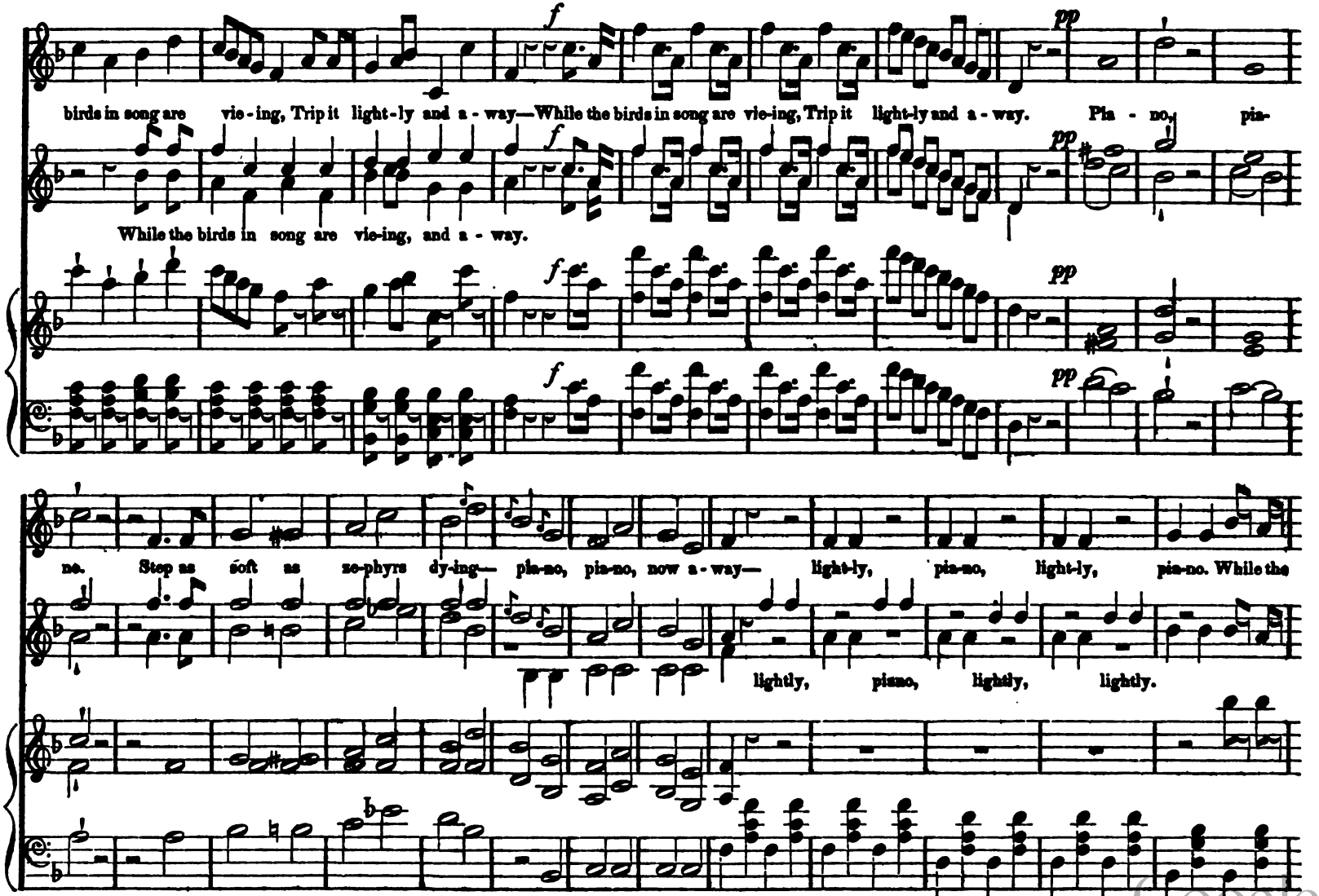

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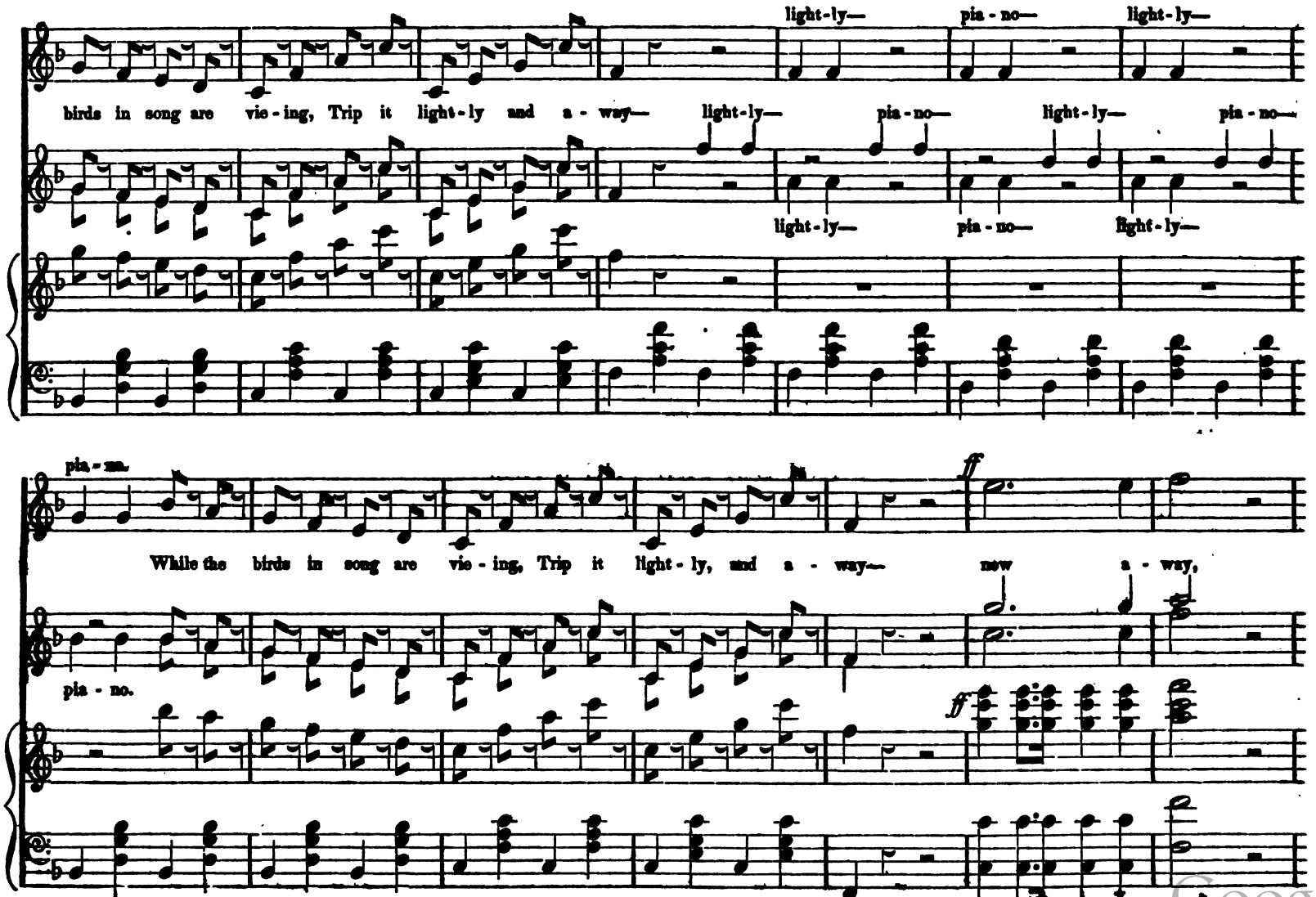

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STEP AS SOFT AS ZEPHYRS. Concluded.

now a - way, now a - way, now a - way, now a - way, now a - way.

THE BARK BEFORE THE GALE.

J. WILLS.

p Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Be-fore the gale she bounds; So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be-fore the hounds.

p

p

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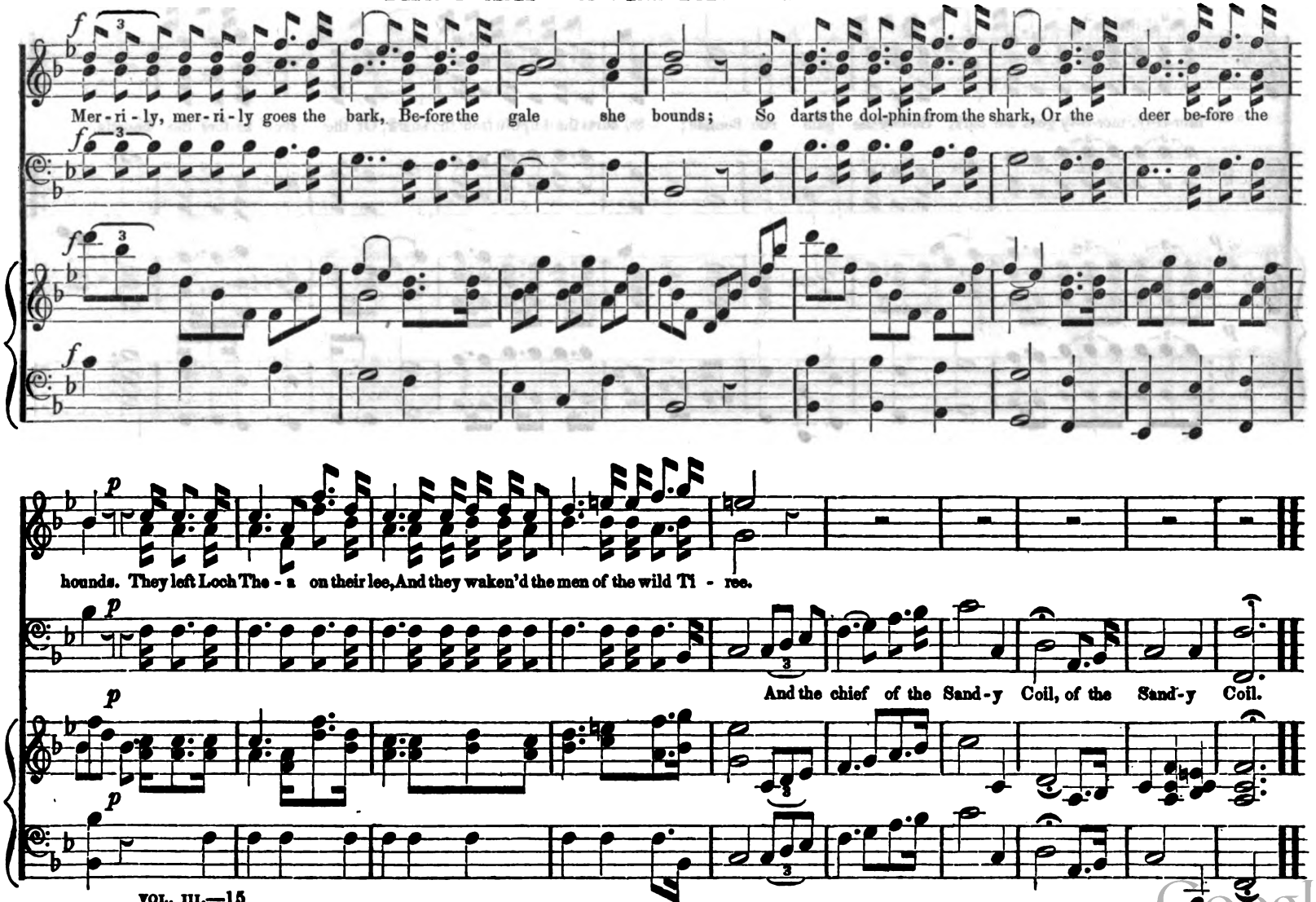

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Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Be-fore the gale she bounds; So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be-fore the hounds.

ANDANTE CON EXPRESSIVO.

1st VOICE. 2d VOICE. 1st and 2d VOICES.

They paus'd not at Co - lum - ba's isle, Though peal'd the bell from the ho - ly pile; They paus'd not at Co - lum - ba's

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isle, Though peal'd the bells from the ho - ly pile, With long, with long and mea - sured toll. No time for matin or for

mass; And the sounds of the holy summons pass A - way, a - way in the bil - lows' roll, in the bil - lows' roll, in the bil - lows' roll.

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Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Be-fore the gale she bounds; So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be-fore the hounds.

p

p

f

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Be-fore the gale she bounds; So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer before the hounds, The

f

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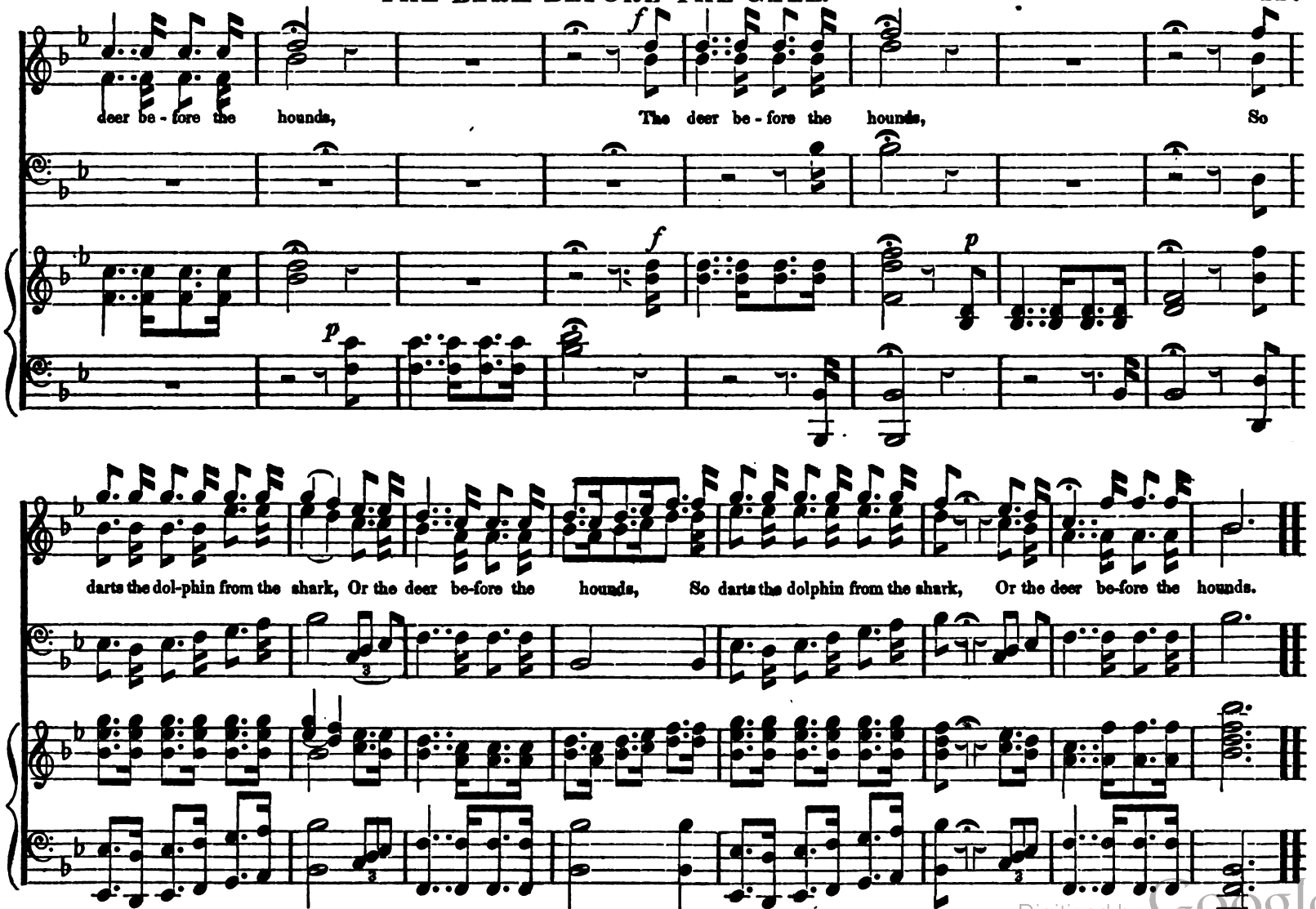

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THE PICNIC.

From the Opera of Zampa, by HEROLD.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

See! the boat has left its

p f p

moor-ing, And on we glide o'er waters blue; Not a cloud above us low-ering, But radiant all with heav'n's own hue. The bu - gles are

RALL. UN POCO.

p

sound-ing, And min-gling with the trumpet's blast,— The ech - o re - bound - ing, As swift the ver-dant shore is pass'd.

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Hail, then, the morn - ing That ush-ers in the joy-ous day! All voi - ces join - ing, Sing we now the joy-ful

lay! Then sing, then sing, with joy, with joy! Sing the song of joy and glad-ness, And banish all our care and

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sad-ness! See the feast, bedeck'd with flowers And sweetest music, charms the hours. Then banish care—hail this bright and happy day! Then banish

care— hail this bright and happy day, this happy day—hail this bright and happy day!

8va. LOCO.

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ANDANTE MAESTOSO

Soprani.

Attend! attend!

Tenori and Bassi.

ff ff ff

ALLEGRO. RALLENT.

p pp

ANDANTE MOSSO.

Well know we, ap-

proach - ing comes the hour, When this dread spi - rit, Yes, this phan - tom has power.

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THE PHANTOM CHORUS. Continued.

'Tis true, believe her; 'Tis true, believe her; 'Tis a

'Tis true, believe her; 'Tis true, believe her; 'Tis a mys-te - ry that curdles up one's blood.

f

Speak, what phantom!

f

What

ff

SOTTO VOCE.

ff

(*Rodolpho.*) What say'st thou? Pray, at-tend; list, lis-ten now. (*Rodolpho.*) At - tend, then!

fol-ly! Quick, tell me!

pp

ff

LENTO.

pp

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pp When daylight's going, And night-winds blowing; When sheeted lightning, The heavens bright'ning; When deep mouth'd

PRIMO TEMPO.

pp

f *p*

thun - der Strikes us with wonder, O'er the distant hill a shade appears, a shade appears—Yes—While clouds through heaven By winds are driven, With hair loose

f *p*

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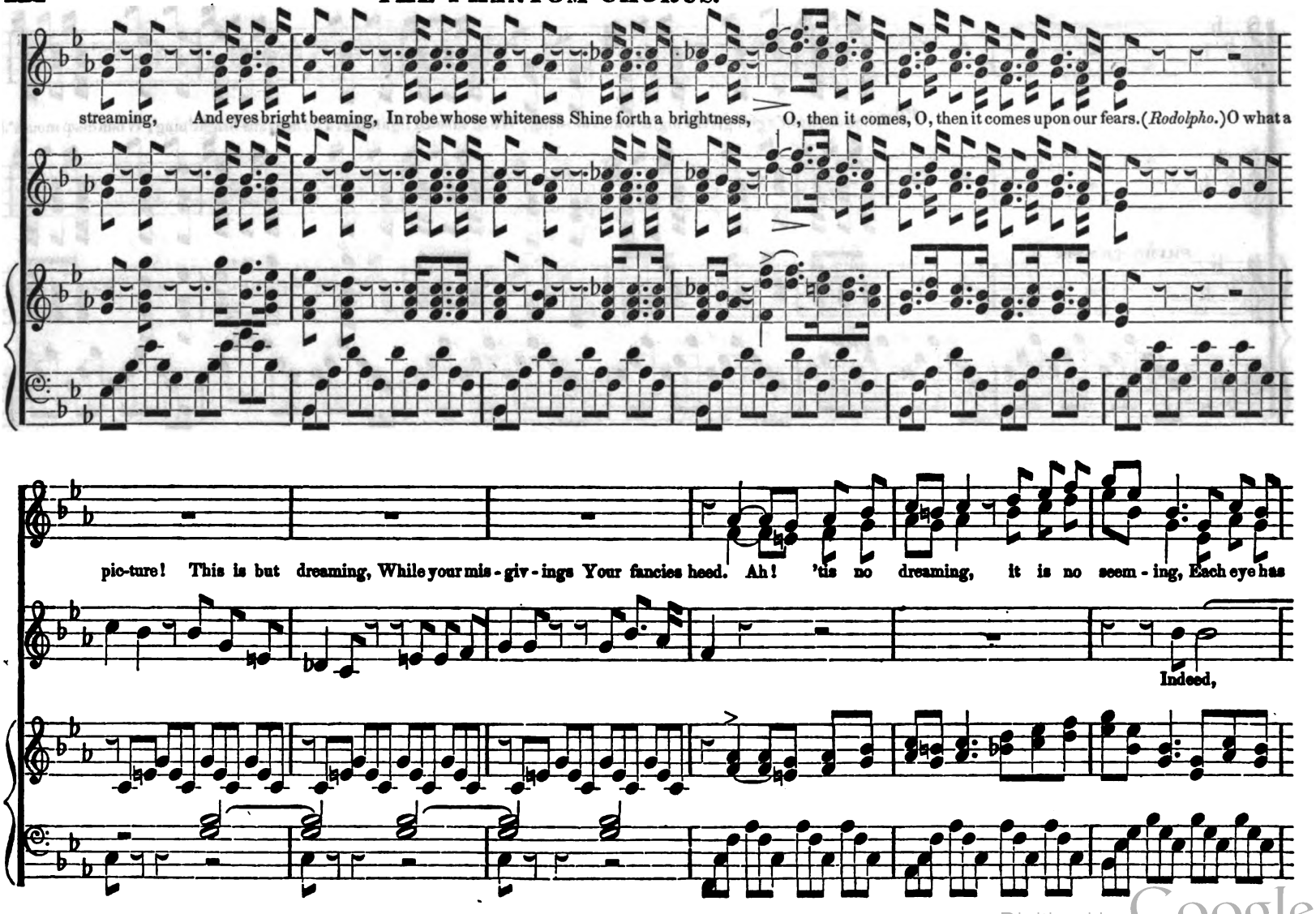

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seen it; Indeed, 'tis true. *pp* Then gently gliding; On air seems ri-ding; Dead silence reigning; Dread horror

- - - 'tis true.

While, silent crouching, The dogs ap-

pain-ing; Each object cheer-ful Becoming fear-ful. Fro-zen the river seems in i-cy fet-ters bound; While, silent crouch - - - - - crouching, The dogs ap-

While, silent crouching,

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proach-ing With eyes so lour-ing, Their fears o'er-pow'r - - - - - - - - ing, While birds are

- - - ing, CRES. crouch - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing,

proach-ing With eyes so lour-ing, Their fears o'er-pow'r - - - - - - - - ing, While birds are crying, In cir-cles fly-ing, The owl shrieks

pp

The dogs approaching With eyes so louring, Their fears o'erpow'ring, While birds are

CRES. f pp

While, silent crouching, The dogs ap-proach-ing With eyes so louring, Their fears o'erpow'r - - - - - -

crouch - - - - - - ing, crouch - - - - - - - - - - - -

wildly round and round, shrieks wildly round. Indeed, 'tis true! While, silent crouching, The dogs approaching With eyes so louring, Their fears o'erpow'r - - - - - -

'Tis silly fright! While, silent crouching, The dogs approaching, With eyes so louring, Their fears o'erpow'ring,

f

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- - - - ing, While birds are

- - - - ing,
- - - - ing, While birds are crying, In cir-cles flying, The owl shrieks wildly round and round, shrieks wildly round. To guard thee, pray

While birds are

ff sva. LOCO.

heav'n; To guard thee, - - - - - - - - - - - - To guard thee, pray heav'n.

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TRIO. THERE IS AN HOUR OF PEACEFUL REST.

Poetry, W. B. TAPPAN.
Music, G. KINGSLEY.

ANDANTE CON EXPRESSIONE.

There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourning wan - d'rers giv'n, There is a joy for souls dis-

mf

mf

f *p* *mf*

tress'd, A balm for ev - 'ry wound - ed breast, 'Tis found alone, 'Tis found a - lone in heav'n. There is a home for wea - ry

f *mf*

p *mf*

f *p*

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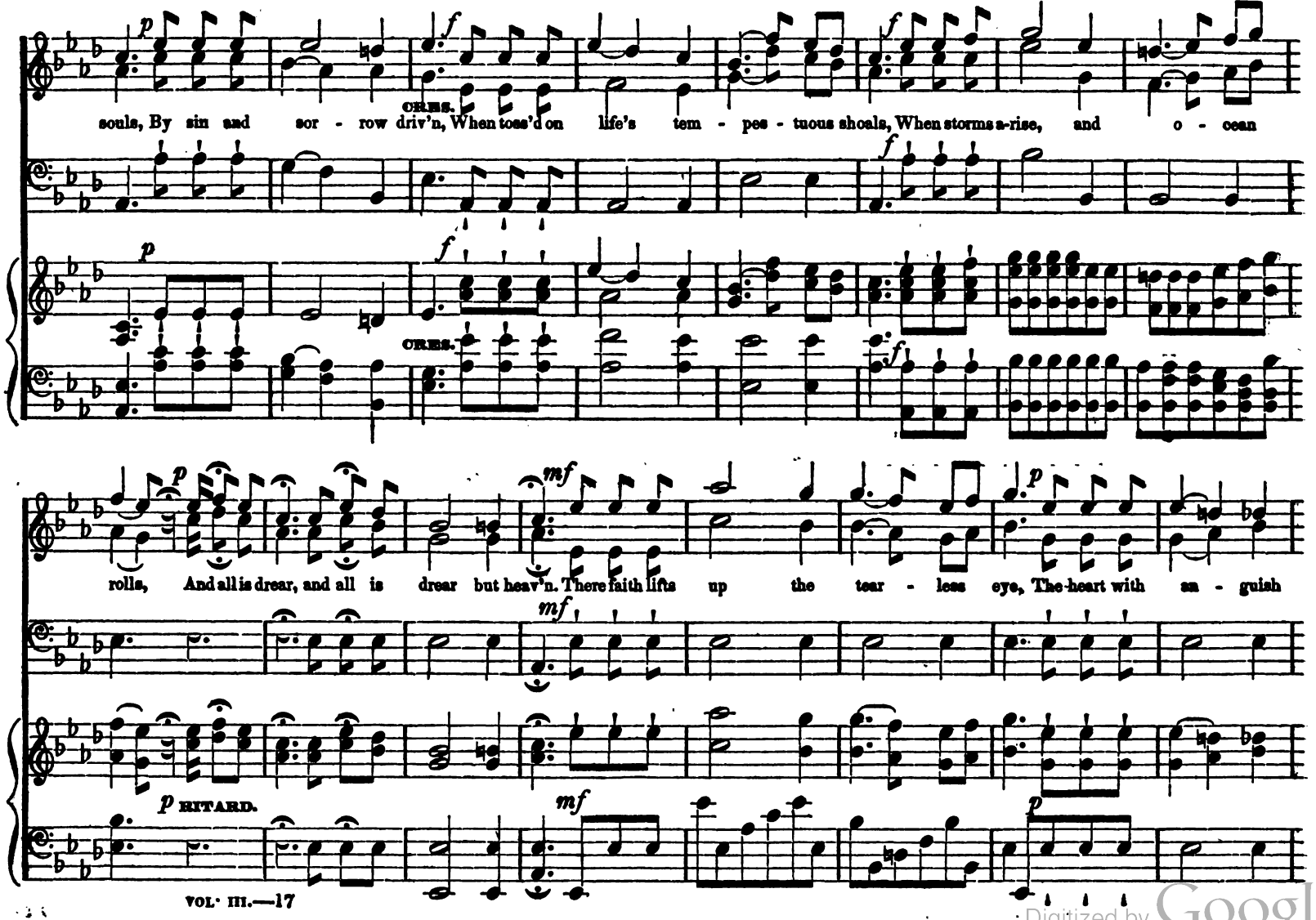

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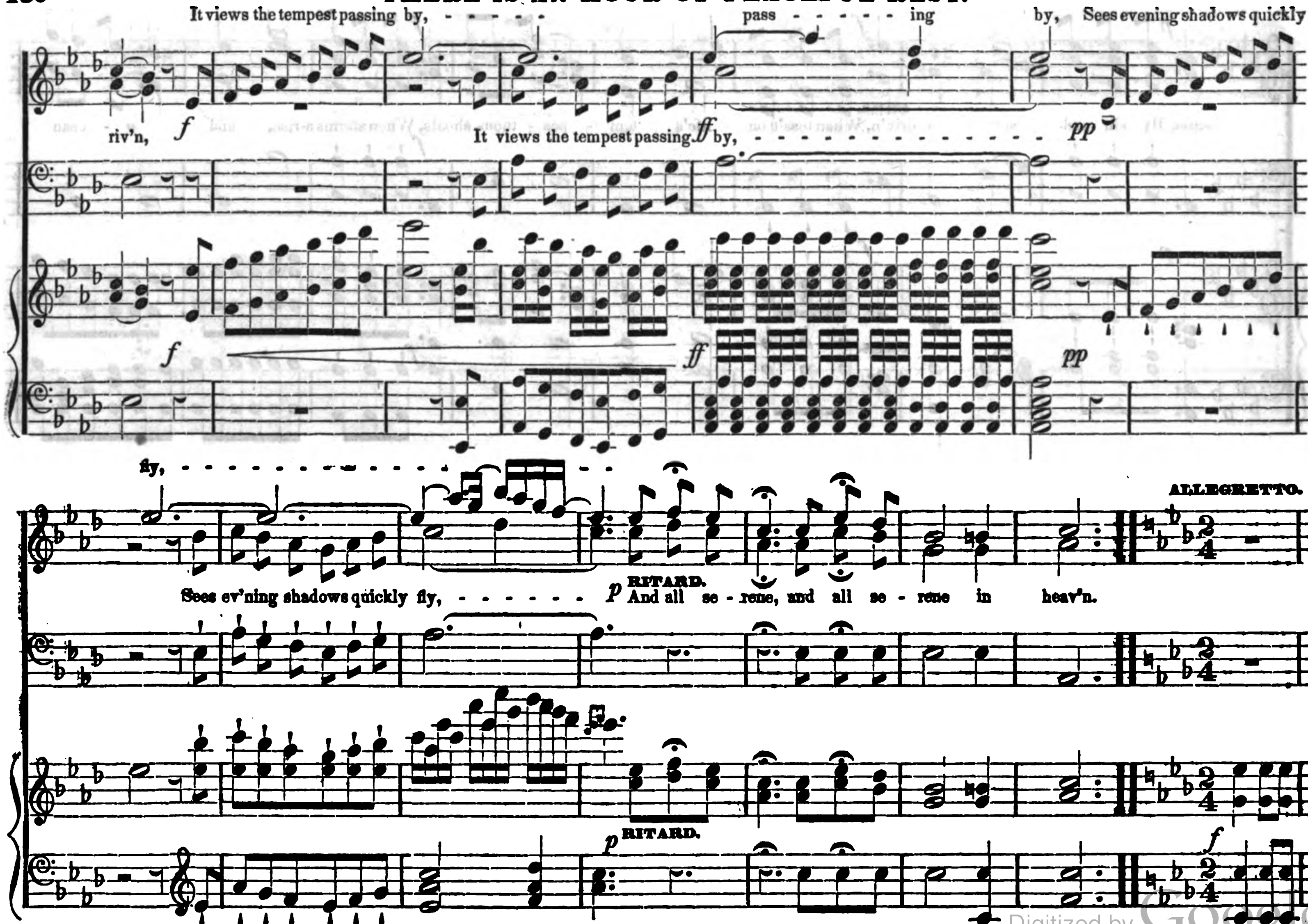

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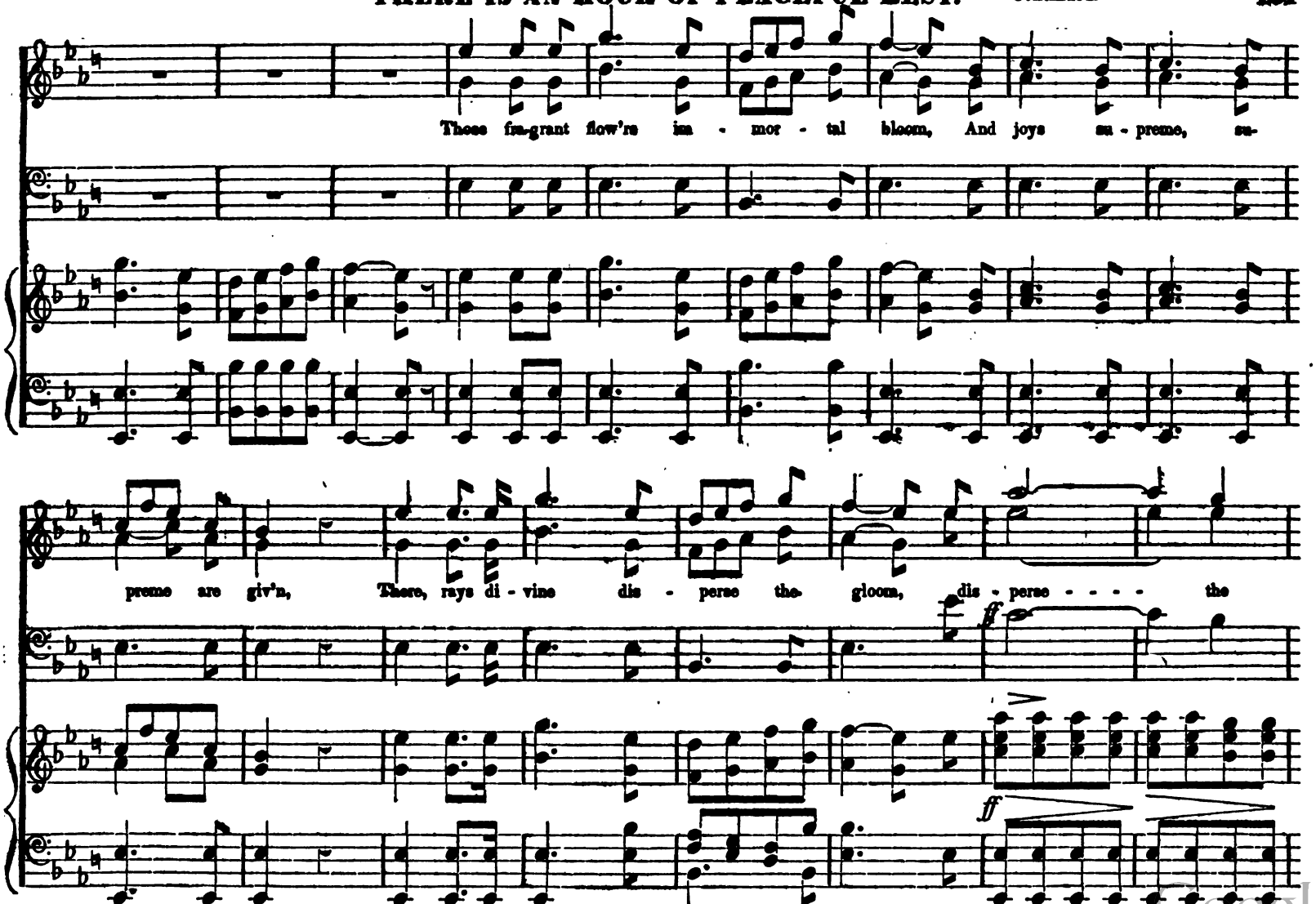

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gloom, Be - neath the dark and si - lent tomb, Appears the dawn of hea - ven, Ap - pears the dawn of

p *p* *p*

hea - - ven, Ap-pears the dawn, ap - pears the dawn of heav'n, The dawn of heav'n.

ff *mf*

ff *mf*

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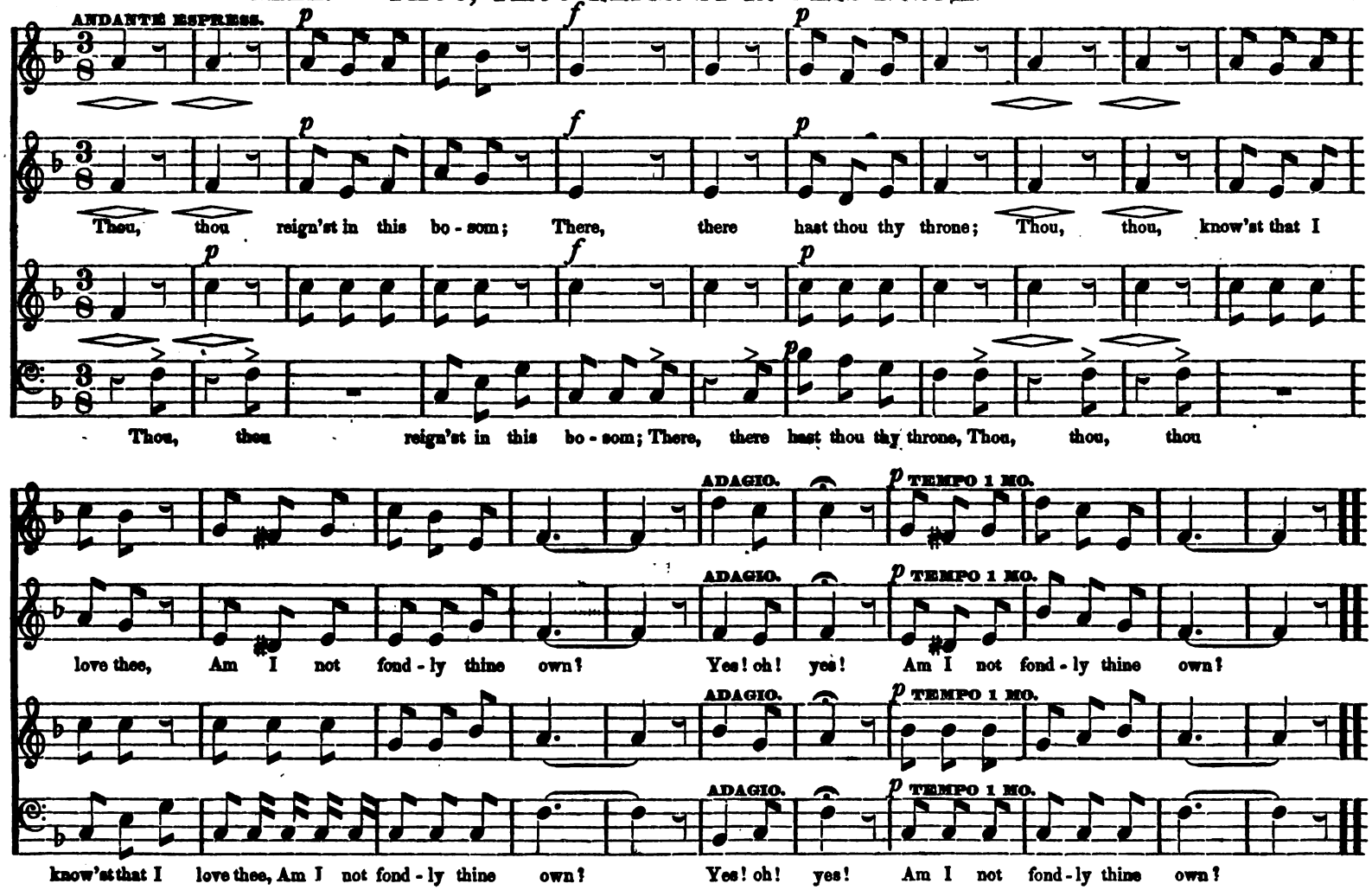

Then, then, even as I love thee;
Say, say, wilt thou love me?
Thoughts, thoughts tender and faithful
Say, wilt thou cherish for me?

Speak, speak, love, I implore thee;
Say, say, "Hope may be thine;"
Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
Tell me that thou wilt be mine.

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WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Arranged from BELLINI'S Opera of The Stranger.

ALLEGRETTO MODERATO.

ff

DOLCE.

Woodman, spare that tree; Touch not a sin-gle

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bough, In youth it shel-ter'd me, And I'll pro-tect it now. 'Twas my fore-fa-ther's hand That

plac'd it near his cot; Then, wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not. 'Twas

fz fz f

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my fore - fa - ther's hand, That placed it near his cot; Then, wood - man, let it stand, Thy

axe shall harm it not, Then, wood-man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not.

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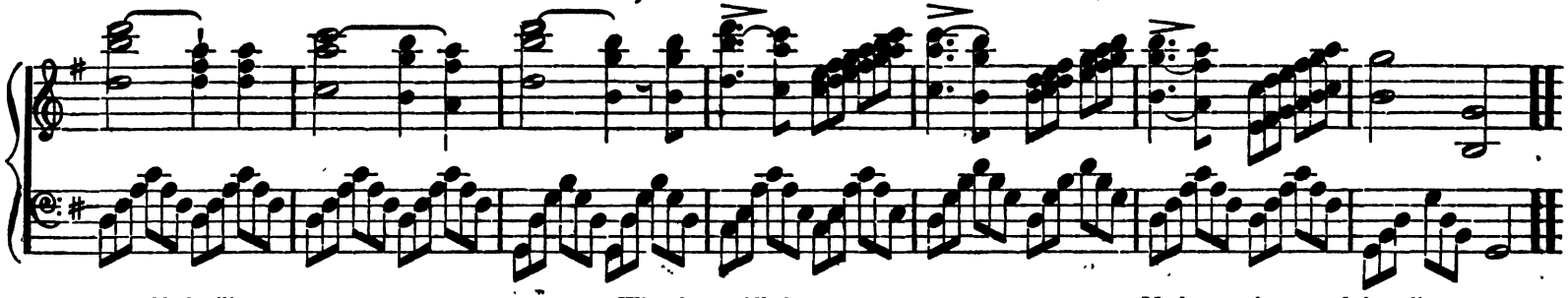


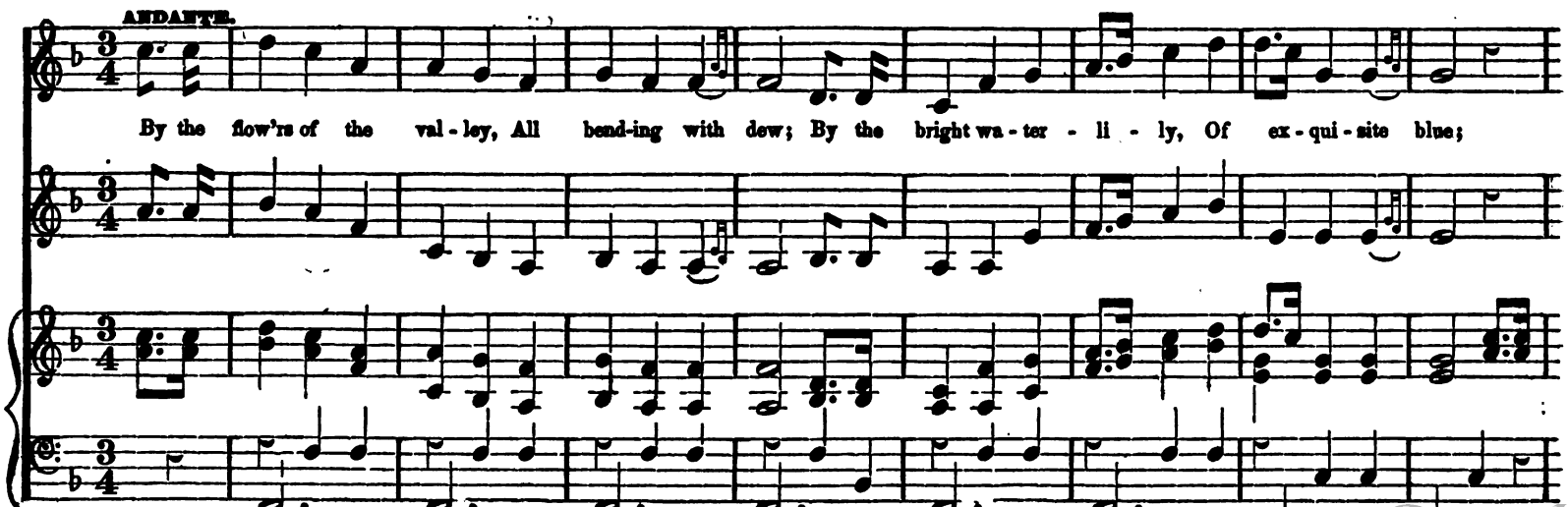
That old, familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties:
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

DUETT. THE ROSE OF CASHMERE.

G. BARKER.



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All ben-ding with dew, By the bright wa - ter - li - ly, of ex - qui - site blue; By the

bright skies a - bove thee, All cloud-less and clear; I love thee, I love thee, sweet rose of Cash - mere, I

CHOR. f

CHOR. f

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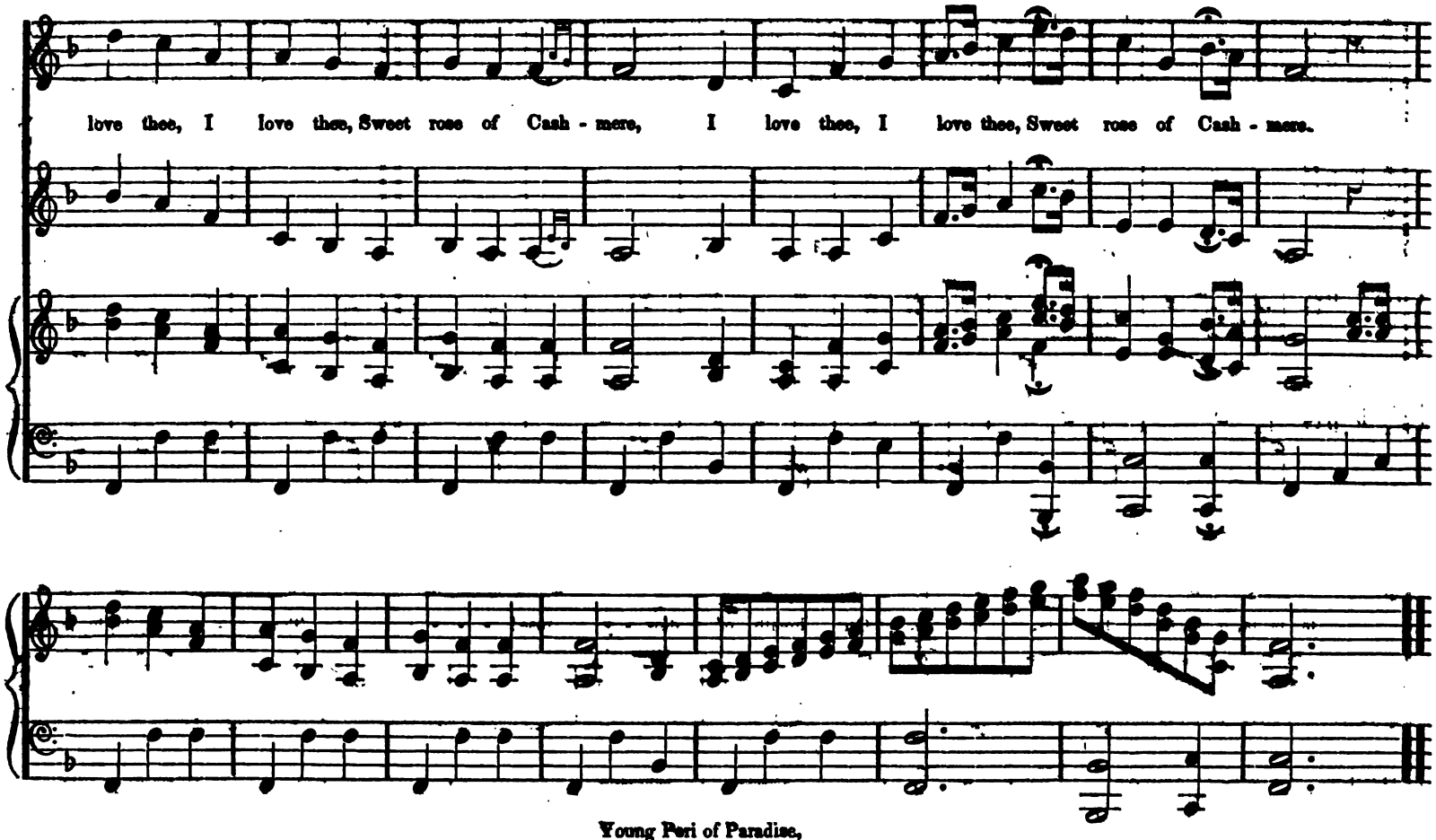

Young Peri of Paradise,
Shadows are fleeing;
Sweet angel of brighter skies,
Blest be thy being;
Oh! rest thee, or rove thee,
Thou'lt ever be dear:
For I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere.

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Tra, - - - - - la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, On breath of dew - y rose! - - - Tra, - - - la, la, la, la, la,

ppp

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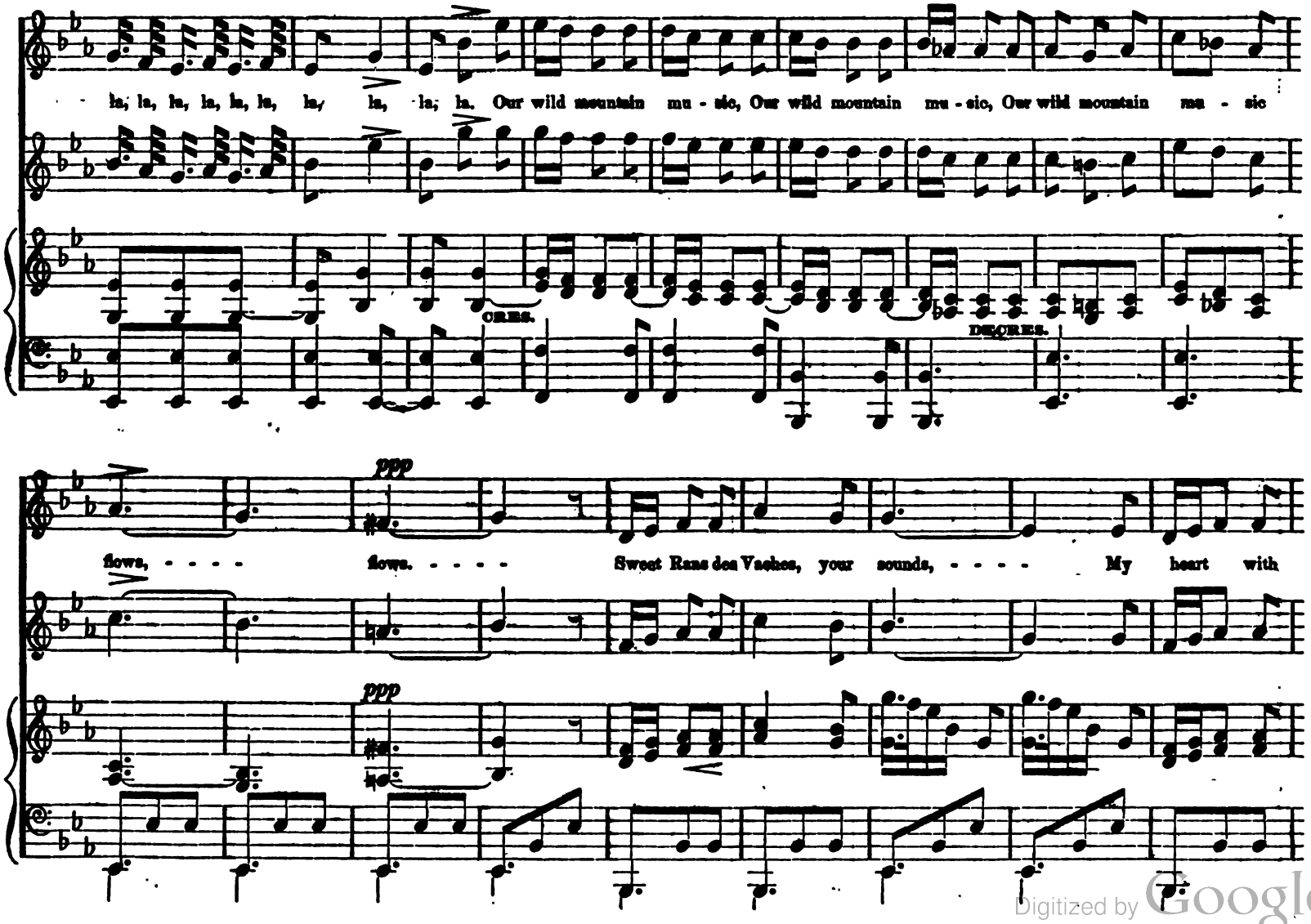

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joy re - bounds, - - - All my dear friends are here; - - - - A - gain I their voi - ces

hear! - - - Distance is ba - nish'd in your strain, Dear home I view with joy a - gain.

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Tra, - - - - la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. - -

Tra, - - - - - la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

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SWISS SONG OF HOME. Continued.

DIM.

la, la, la. - - - - -

pp

LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT.

VON WEBER.

ALLEGRO MOLTO.

1st Tenor.

p CRES. f p

2d Tenor.

From yon-der dark fo-rest what horsemen advance? What sounds from the rocks are re-bound - - - ing? The sunbeams are gleaming on

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

p CRES. f p

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sword and on lance, And loud the shrill trumpet is sound - ing, And loud the shrill trumpet is sound-ing. And if you ask what you there be-

hold: 'Tis the, 'Tis the hunt of Lut-zow, the free and the bold. bold.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Words adapted to AUBER'S celebrated Chapel Chorus by G. KINGSLEY.

1st Treble. Our Fa - - - - - - - - - - ther in hea-ven, Hal - - - - low'd be thy name; Thy kingdom come,

2d Treble. Our Fa - ther in hea - ven, Our Fa - ther in hea - ven, Hal - - - - low'd be thy name; Thy kingdom come,

1st Tenor. p

Bass. Our Fa - - - - - - - - - - - - ther in hea - ven, Hal - - - - low'd be thy name; Thy kingdom come,

p CHES. f

p f

p Thy - - - - - - - - - - - - will be done, thy will be done in earth, as it is in heav'n.

1st Treble.

Thy will be done, - - thy will be done, thy - - - will be done in earth, as it is in heav'n. Give us this day our

p f

Thy - - - - - - - - - - - - - will be done, thy - - will be done in earth, as it is in heav'n.

p f

p

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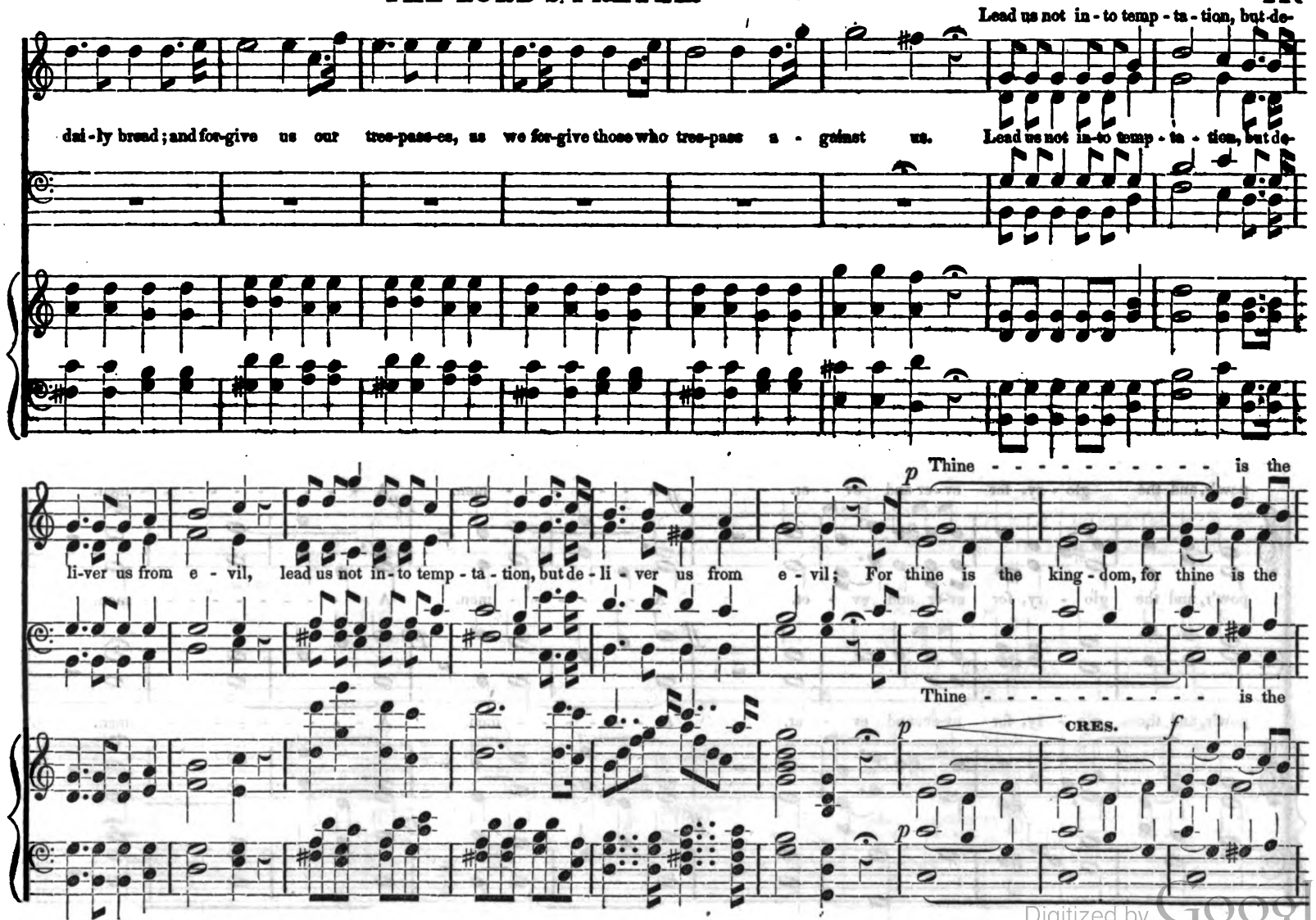

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kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev-er. A - men. Thine - - - - - - - - - - - - is the kingdom, and the

kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev-er. A - men. Thine is the king - dom, for thine is the kingdom, and the

kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev - er, and ev-er. A - men. Thine - - - - - - - - - - - - is the kingdom, and the

p *f*

pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev - er and ev - er. *ff* A - - - - - - - men. *pp* A - - - - - - - - - - - - men.

pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev-er and ev - er. A - - - - - - - men. A - - - - - - - - - - - - men.

ff *pp*

pow'r, and the glo - ry, for ev-er and ev - er. A - - - - - - - men. A - - - - - - - - - - - - men.

ff *pp*

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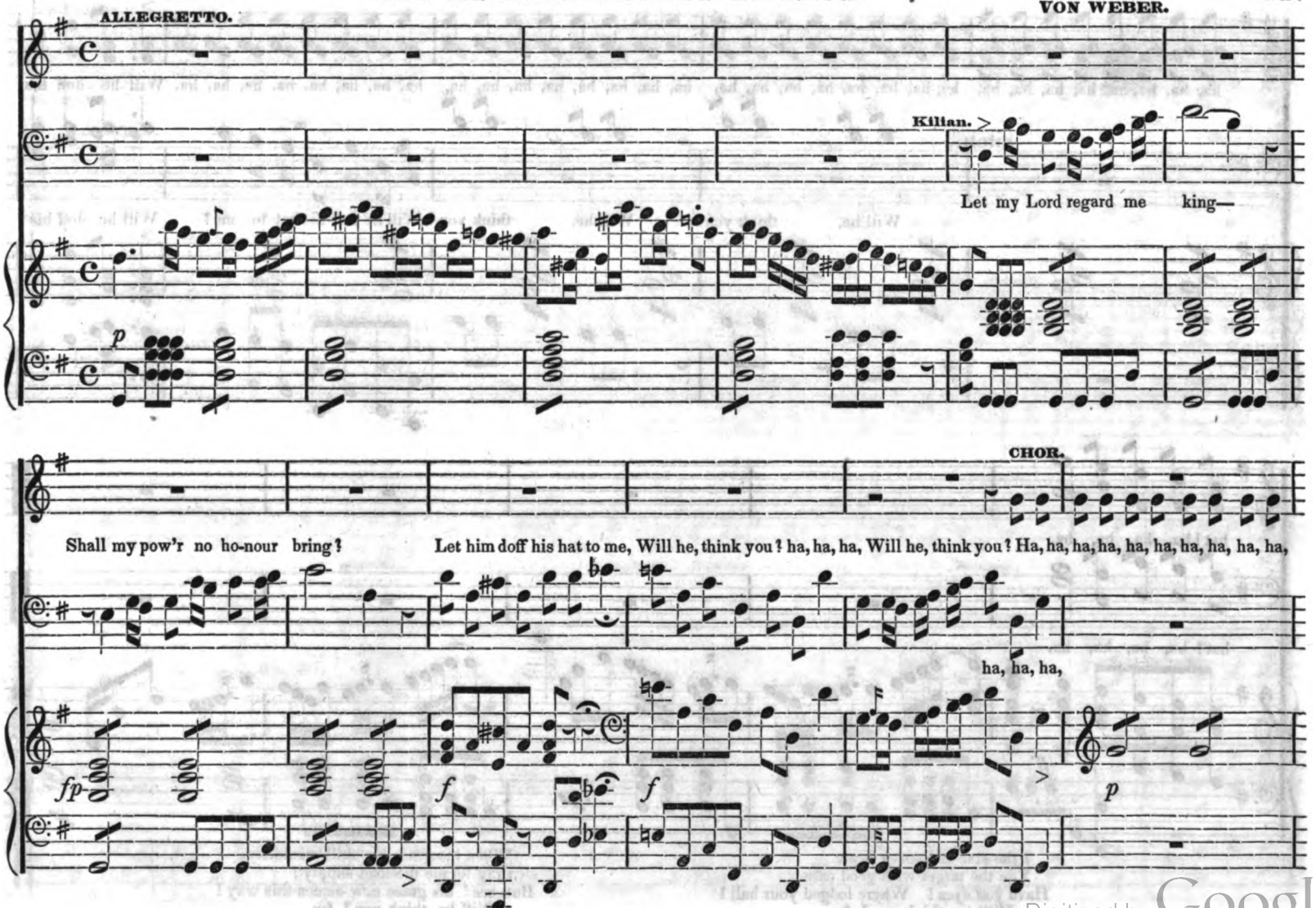

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ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Will he doff his

CHOR.

Will he, think you? Will he, think you? Will he doff his hat to me? Will he doff his

hat? ha, ha, ha, ha.

hat? ha, ha, ha, ha.

ff

I the star and posey bear,
You the target with good care.
Have you eyes? Where lodged your ball?
Will he, think you? &c.

When his grace his skill would try,
Pray let me the load supply;
But, see! his grace now comes this way!
Will he, think you? &c.

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1st Treble.
2d Treble.
Tenor.
Bass.

f Hail, hail, smi - ling morn, smi - ling morn, That tips the hills with gold, That tips the hills with gold, Whose ro - sy

f Hail, hail, smi - ling morn, smi - ling morn, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

f

fin - gers ope the gates of day - ope the gates, the gates of

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fold,

day, Hail, hail, hail, hail, Who the gay face of na-ture doth un - fold, Who the gay face of nature doth un - fold, At

whose bright presence darkness flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a - way, flies a - way, dark - ness flies a-

p pp pp CRES.

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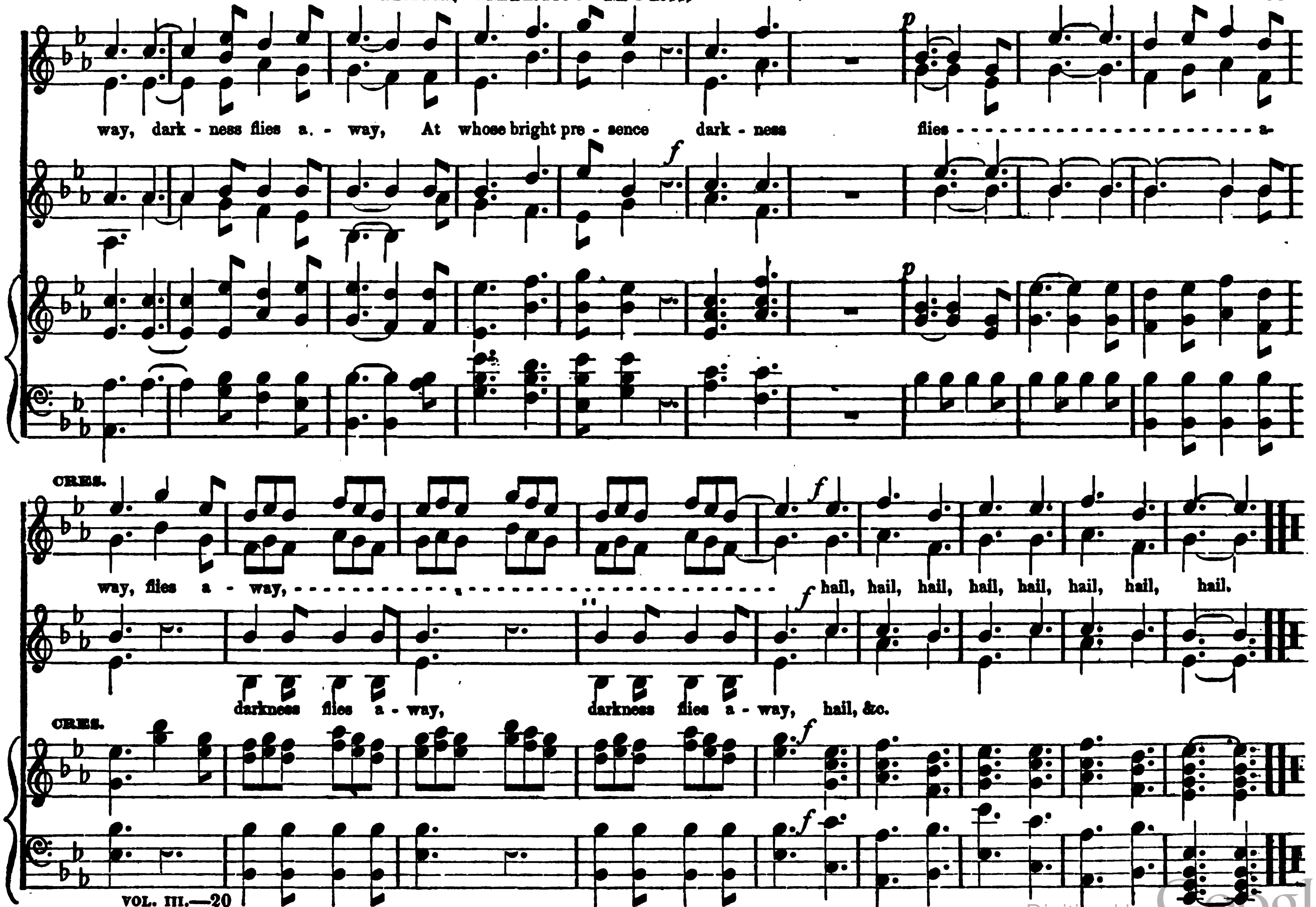

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ALLEGRETTO. 2d VOICE.

Why, sure there ne-ver met A tru-ly joy-ful set, More

prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring. Why, sure there ne-ver met A tru-ly joy-ful

Why, sure there ne-ver met A tru-ly joy-ful

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1st VOICE.

Why, sure there ne-ver met A

set, More prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring. Ha, ha!

set, More prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring. Why, sure there ne-ver met A

tru-ly joy-ful set, More prone to laugh and sing, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring! Why,

Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring. Why,

tru-ly joy-ful set, More prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring. Why,

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A LAUGHING TRIO. Concluded.

sure there ne-ver met A tru-ly joy-ful set, More prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then

sure there ne-ver met A tru-ly joy-ful set, More prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then

sure there ne-ver met, Ha, ha! A tru-ly joy-ful set, Ha, ha! More prone to laugh and sing, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then

let the e-cho ring, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring.

let the e-cho ring, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring.

let the e-cho ring, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Then let the e-cho ring.

2d verse. For what have we to do, Old care, with such as you? No, no, we'll laugh and sing.

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1 Come, buy my cher - ries, beau - teous las - ses, Fresh from the gar - den pluck'd by me!

2 Fine ap - ples, and fine pears, Eat, boys, for - get your cares!

3 Fruit in a - bun - dance, sold by me, Fruit in a - bun - dance here you see!

4 Whey, fine sweet whey, come taste my whey!

All on a sum-mer's day so gay, You hear the Dub-lin cries, Knives ground here by me!

All on a sum-mer's day so gay, You hear the Dub-lin cries, Sweep, sweep, sweep, sweep!

All on a sum-mer's day so gay, You hear the Dub-lin cries, Fine parsnips, fine car-rots, and choice beans!

All on a sum-mer's day so gay, You hear the Dub-lin cries, Fine ra - dish, fine let - tuce, sold by me!

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SKATER'S CHORUS.

Poetry translated from the German by PERCIVAL.
Music, G. KINGSLEY.

ALLEGRETTO.
1st and 2d Tenor.

f We glide, and we sweep, as we e - cho a - long The crystalline waters, with shout, and with song: With steel for our pi - nions, the

1st and 2d Bass.

f

hea - vens be - low, Through breezes keen blowing, like fal - cons we go. We glide, my com - pa - nions, re - sound - ing a - long; And

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loud is the e - cho of shout and of song. We glide, my com-pa-nions, re-sound-ing a - long; And loud is the e - cho of

shout and of song. We glide, my com - pa - nions, re - sound-ing a - long; And loud is the e-cho of shout and of song.

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QUARTETTE. ON THE LAKE WHERE DROOPED THE WILLOW.

A Southern Melody.
Arranged by G. KINGSLEY.

ANDANTE.

1st Tenor.
2d Tenor.
1st Bass.
2d Bass.

On the lake where droop'd the willow, Long time a - - - - go; Where the rock threw back the bil - low, Bright - - - er than snow.

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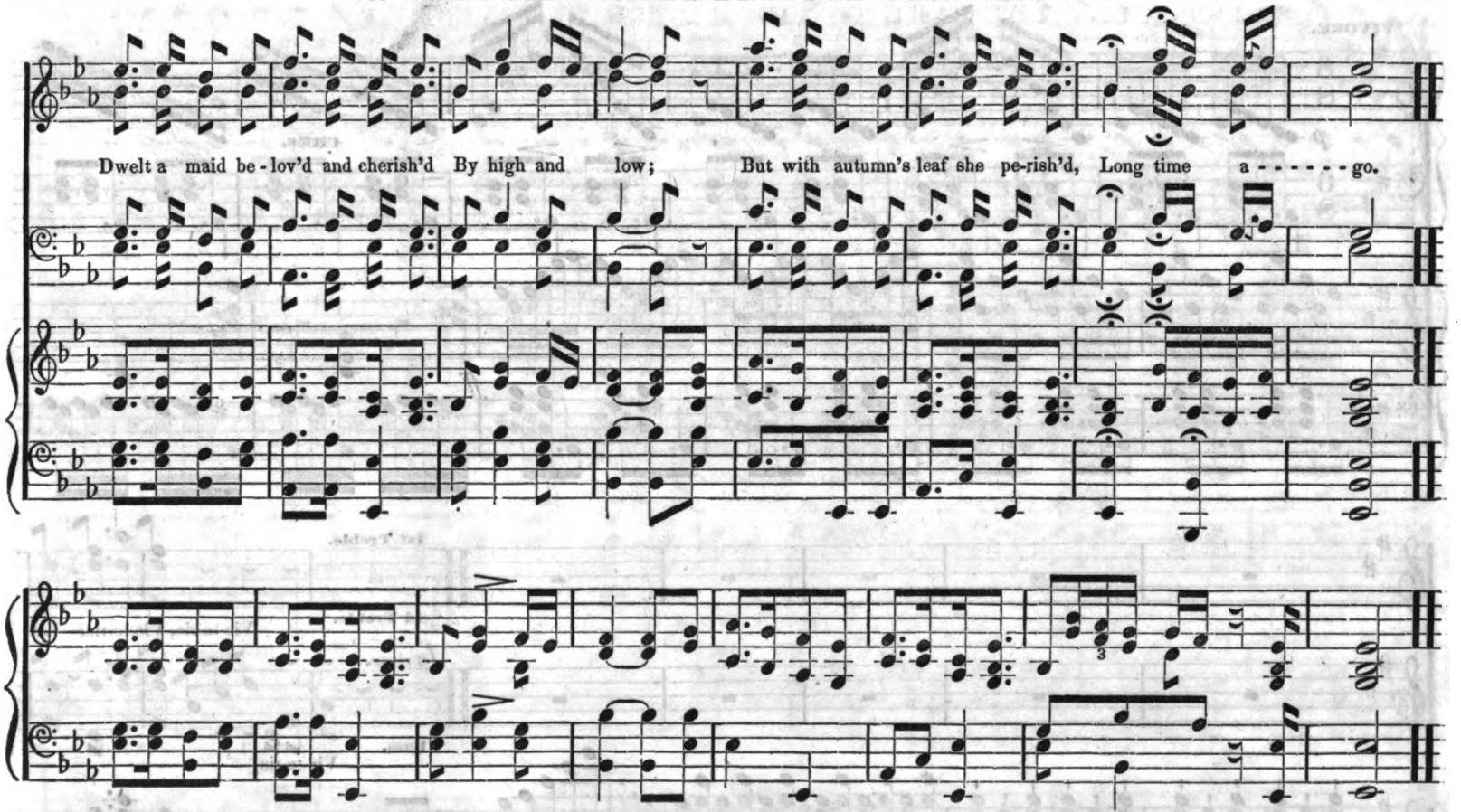

Rock, and tree, and flowing water—
Long time ago—
Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know;
While to my fond words she listen'd,
Murmuring low;
Tenderly her blue eyes glisten'd,
Long time ago.

Mingled were our hearts forever,
Long time ago;
Can I now forget her?—Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I miss'd from heaven,
Long time ago.

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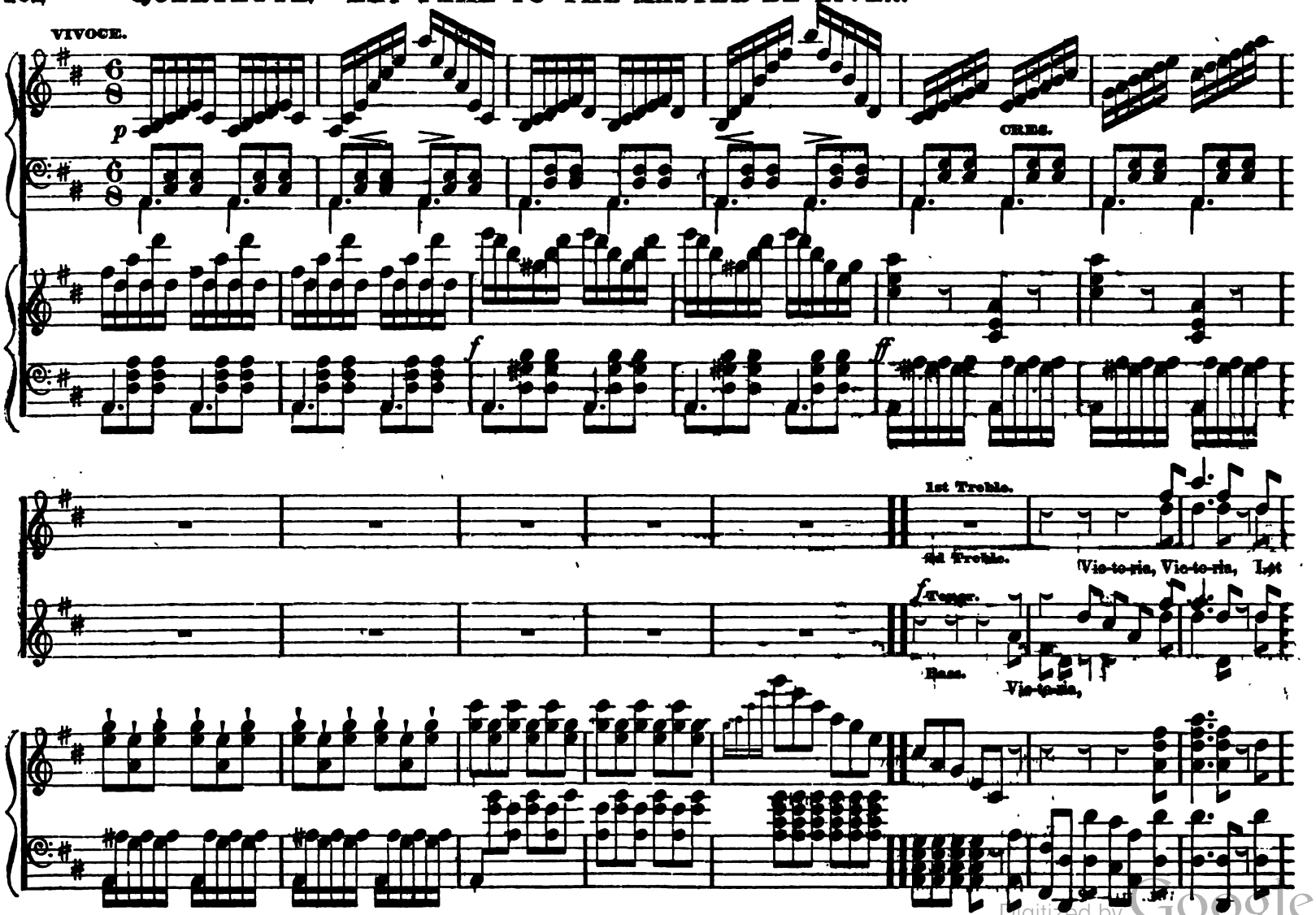

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fame to the mas-ter be gi - ven, Whose ri - fle the star of the tar-get hath ri-ven, Whose ri - fle the star of the tar - get hath ri-ven, Whose

ri - fle the star of the tar - get hath ri - ven. Vic - to - ria, Vic-

Vic - to-ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic to-ria, Vic-

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to - ria! Let fame to the mas - ter, the mas - ter be gi - ven, Whose ri - fle the

to - ria!

star of the tar - get hath ri - ven, Vic - to - ria, Vic-

Vic - to-ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic-

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to - ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - - - - - - - - - ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic-
Vic-to-ria, Vic - to - ria,

to - ria, Vic - to - ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic-to - ri - a, Vic-to-ria, Vic - to-ria, Vic-to-ria, Vic-

to - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ria!
Vic - to - ria, Vic - to - ria!

to - ria, Vic - to - ri - a!

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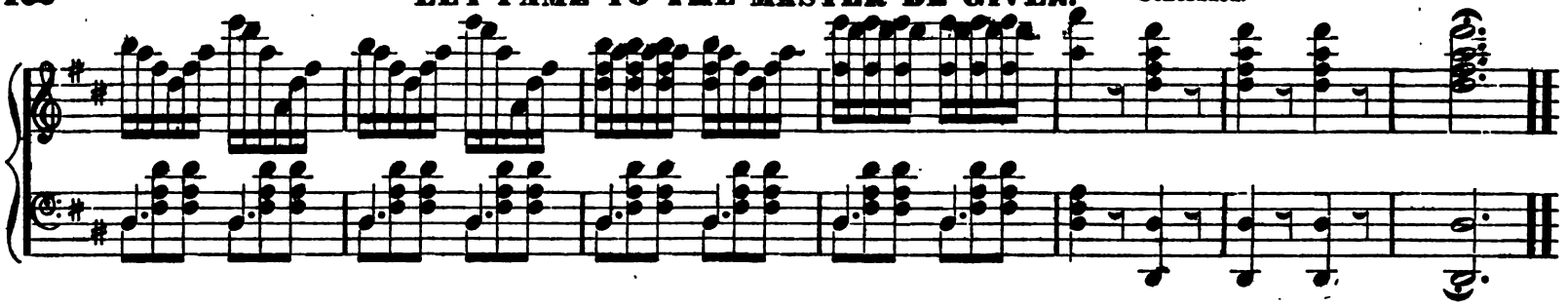
LET FAME TO THE MASTER BE GIVEN. Concluded.



SOLO AND TRIO. YE SHEPHERDS, TELL ME. MAZZINGHI.

LARGHETTO GRAZIOSO CON MOTO.

DOLCE.

SOLO. 1st VOICE.

Ye shep - herds, tell me, tell me, have you seen, have you seen My Flora pass this way,

p

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In shape and fea - ture, beau - - - ty's queen, In pas-to-ral, in pas-to - ral ar - - ray.

f TRIO.*

Shepherds, tell me, tell me, tell me, have you seen, tell me, have you seen My Flo-ra pass this way?

p have you seen,

have you seen, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way?

f

p

* This Trio is to be sung at the end of each Solo.

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Shep - herds, tell me, have you seen,

have you seen, tell me, Shepherds, have you seen, tell me, have you seen, My Flo - ra pass this way?

SOLO. 2d VOICE.

A wreath a - round her head, a - round her head she wore, Car - na - tion, li - ly, li - ly, rose,

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And in her hand a crook she bore, And sweets, and sweets her breath com - pose.

SOLO. 3d VOICE.

The beau - teous, the beauteous wreath that decks her head, Forms her de - scrip - tion, her de-scrip-tion true;

Hands li - ly white, lips crim - son red, And cheeks, and cheeks of ro - sy hue.

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QUARTETTE. THE SERENADE.

Arranged from Myerbeer.

ALLEGRETTO.

1st Tenor.

2d Tenor.

Come to thy window, la-dy bright, List our moonlight song! Vows of our love we breathe to-night, Borne by the breeze a-long. Fairies dance by moon's soft ray, And

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

p

re-vel till the break of day: Now they wheel in merry mood, Now they're lost in yon green wood. Merrily live the fai-ry band, Cheerily wheeling, hand in hand,

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SLOWER.

Now they wheel in mer-ry mood, Now they're lost in yon green wood, Now they're lost in yon green wood, yon green wood. Hear, then, dear la-dy, hear

Now they're lost in yon green wood, in yon green wood,

SLOWER.

Vows so pure, hearts so true; While the moon, with silvery light, Sheds o'er all its softest hue. Then, hear, dear la-dy, hear Vows so pure, hearts so true;

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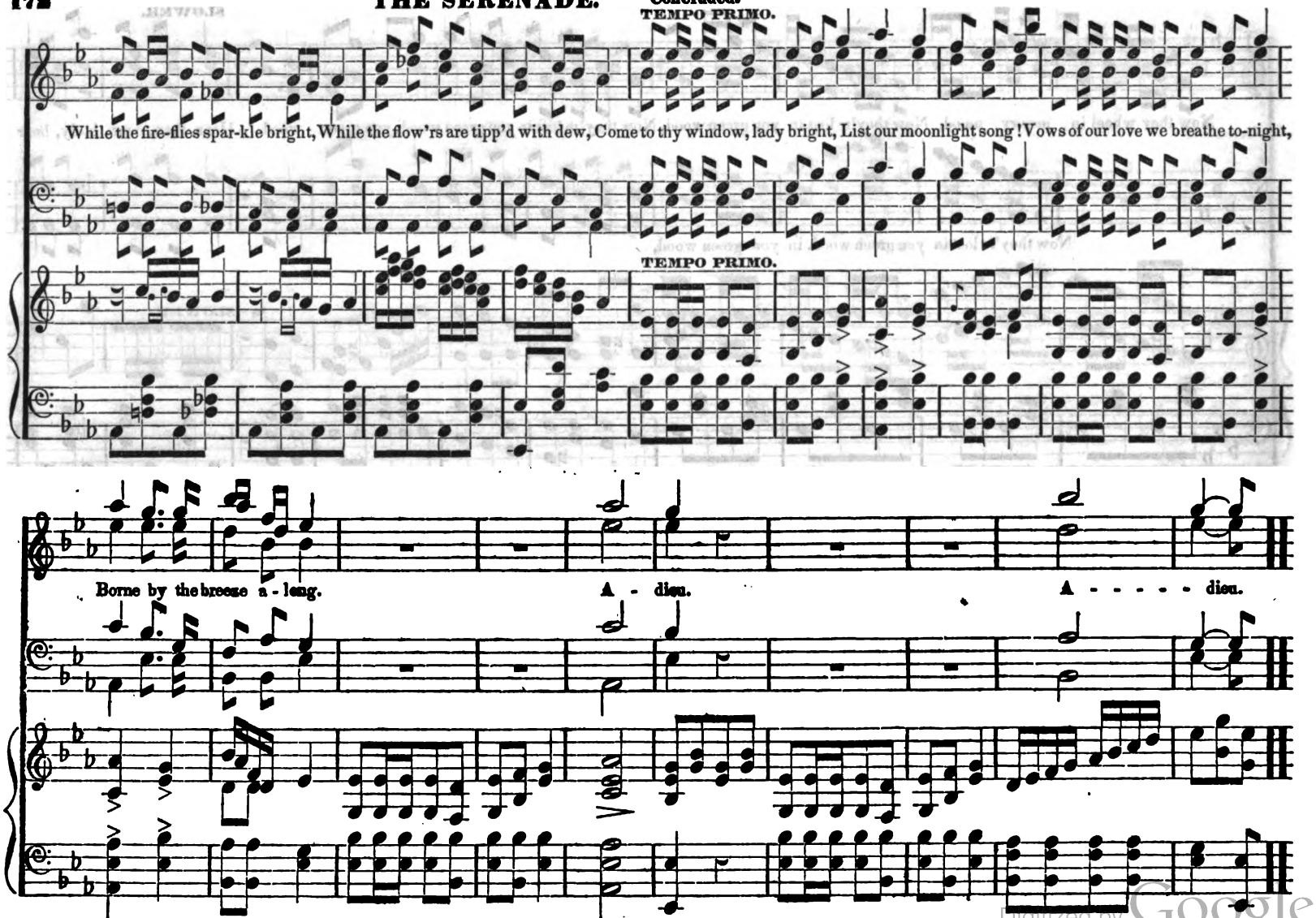

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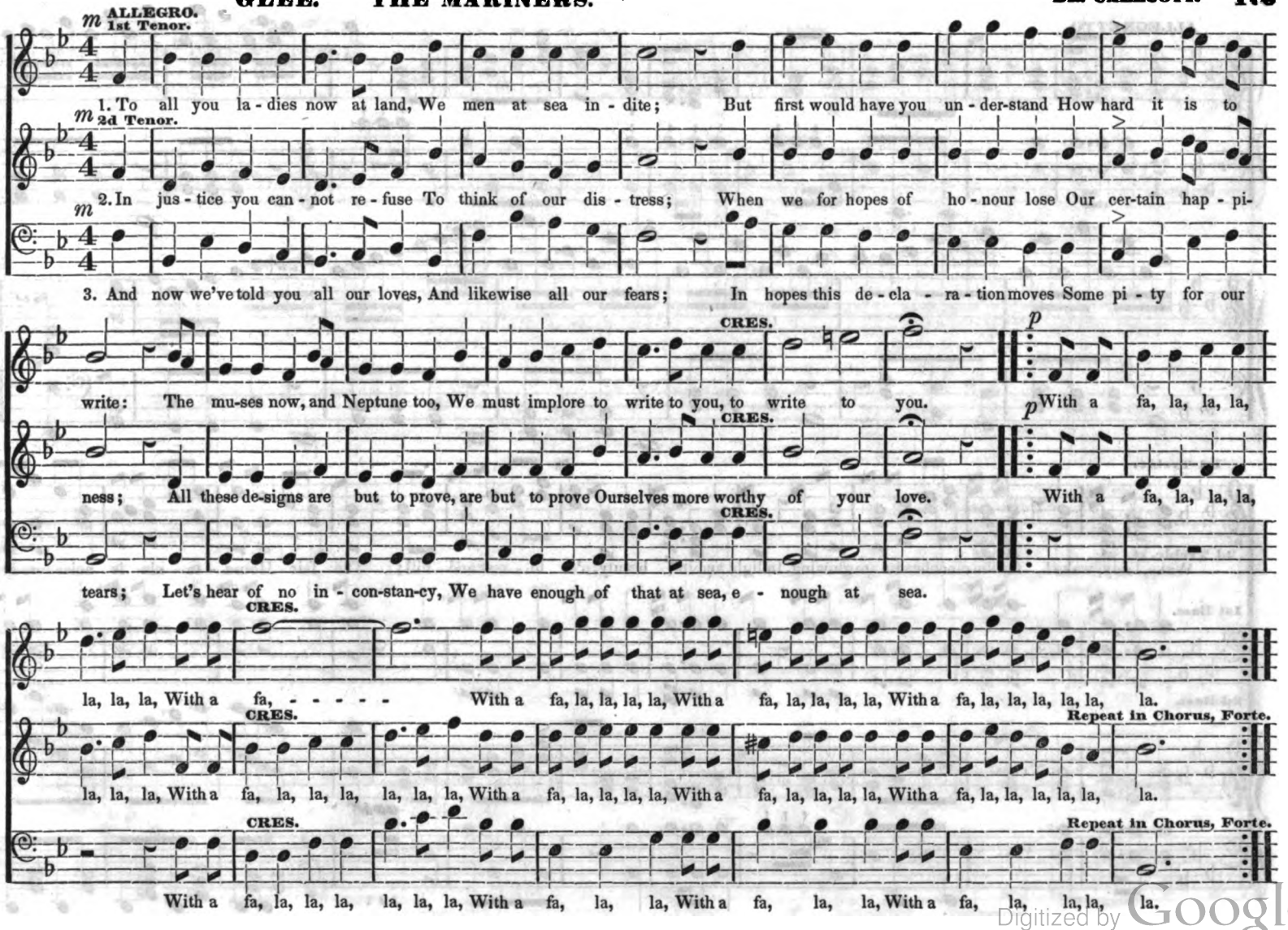

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MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

Poetry, Miss S. F.—Music, G. KINGSLEY.

ALLEGRETTO.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Wake, la-dy, wake! for the moonbeams are glowing, In light and in beauty, o'er fo - rest and hill; The fair Housa - to - nic is noise-less-ly

1st Bass.

2d Bass.

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RATHER SLOWER.

flowing, Where o'er the green mea-dows the night dews dis - til, Where o'er the green meadows the night dews dis - til; The cool breath of

RATHER SLOWER.

ev'-ning shall mur-mur a - round thee, And bear on its wings the sweet incense of flow'rs, And bear on its wings the sweet in-cense of flow'rs.

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PRIMO TEMPO.

Then shake off the fet - ters of sleep which have bound thee, And breezes shall waft thee this off'ring of ours, Then shake off the fet - ters of

sleep which have bound thee, And breezes shall waft thee this off' - - - ring of ours.

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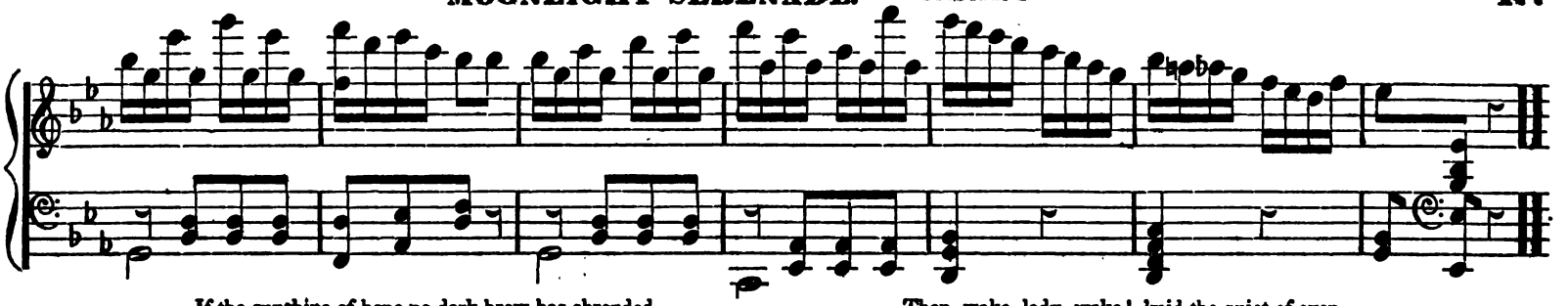
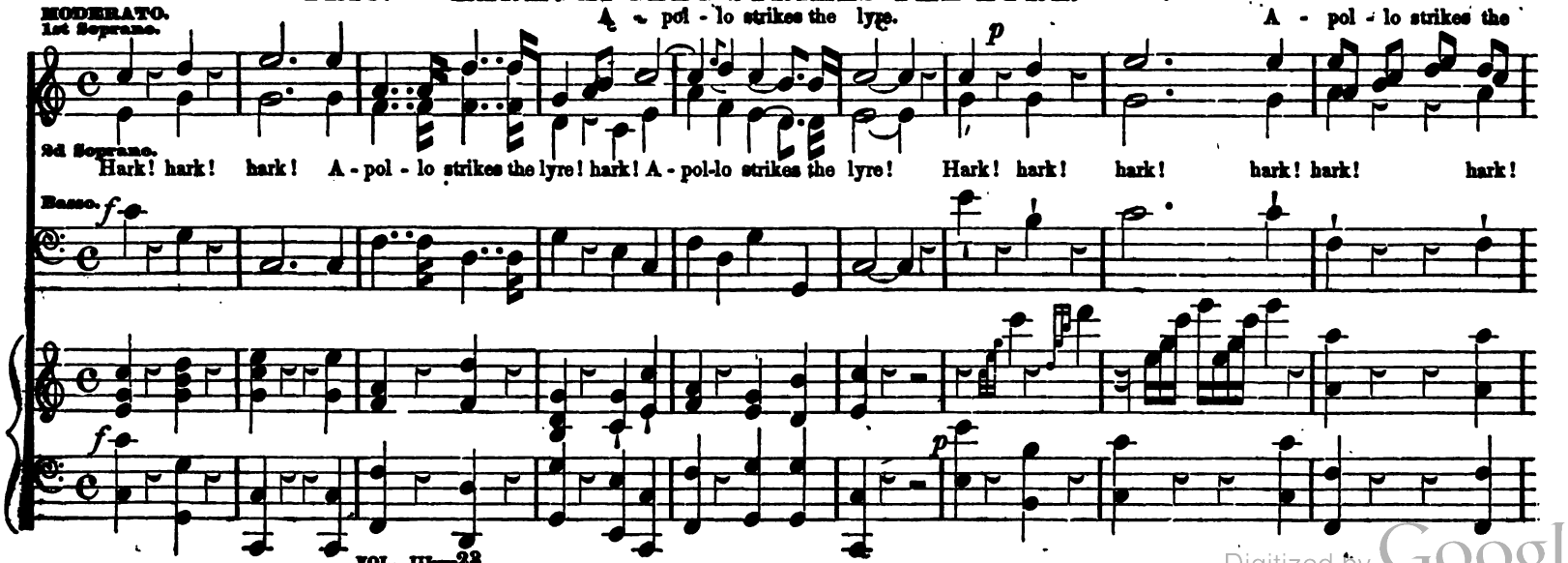


If the sunshine of hope no dark brow has shrouded,
Each note that thou hearest will tell thee of joy,
For the heart whose young life is still pure and unclouded,
Is a world of delight, which no care can destroy;
But if thou lov'st better the language of sadness,
If sorrow has blighted the hopes that were dear,
In moments of grief as in moments of gladness,
'Tis music has power both to soothe and to cheer.

Then, wake, lady, wake! 'mid the quiet of even,
Forget for a moment thy care and thy woes;
This world in its beauty seems almost like heaven,
So holy and calm is its breathless repose.
Drive not from thy heart the illusions that borrow
Their sweetness from fancy's too changeable ray,
Enjoy what thou canst, while 'tis near, for to-morrow
Its light and enchantment may vanish away.

TRIO. HARK! APOLLO STRIKES THE LYRE.

BISHOP.



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lyre, A pol lo strikes the lyre.

ff *pp*

hark! hark! A - pol - lo strikes the lyre, And loud-ly, lone - ly sounds the golden wire, To bid of heav'n the tune-ful, tune-ful

ff *pp*

ff *f* *pp*

choir, Their art di-vine em - ploy, their art di - vine em - ploy, their art di-vine em - ploy, their art di - vine em - ploy.

ff *f* *pp*

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ALLEGRETTO.
1st Treble.

Whose song har - mo-nious, harmonious, shall rebound, In e-choes, in e-choes from the vast pro - found, Whose song shall re-

ALLEGRETTO.

p

bound, In e-choes, in e-choes, from the vast profound, And earth shall catch, shall catch the charming sound, With wide, with wide, dif-

bound, In e-choes from the vast profound, And earth shall catch, shall catch the charming sound, With wide, with wide, dif-

bound, From the vast, the vast pro-found, And earth shall catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide dif-

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fu - sing joy, - - - - - - - - - - Whose song har - mo-nious, har-monious, shall re-bound, In e-choes, in e-choes to the

fu - sing joy, with wide diffusing joy, Whose song har - mo - nious shall re - bound, In e - choes from the

fu - sing joy, with wide diffusing joy, Whose song har - mo - nious shall re - bound, In ech - oes from the

vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo-nious, har - mo-nious, shall re-bound, In e-choes, in e-choes from the vast pro - found, And

vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo - nious shall re - bound, In e - choes from the vast pro - found,

vast pro - found, Whose song har - mo - nious shall re - bound, In e - choes, e-choes from the vast pro - found,

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earth shall catch the pharm - ing sound, With wide, with wide dif - fu - sing joy, And earth shall catch the charm - ing

and earth shall catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide diffu-sing joy, And earth shall catch the charming sound, And earth shall catch the

pp CRES. pp

and earth shall catch the charm - ing sound, With wide, with wide diffu - sing joy,

pp CRES. pp

sound, With wide, with wide dif - fu - sing joy, dif - fu - sing, dif - fu - sing joy, dif - fu - sing, dif-

f

charming sound, With wide diffu-sing joy, With wide dif - fu - sing joy, dif - fu - sing, dif - fu - sing joy, dif - fu - sing, dif-

CRES.

With wide dif - fu - sing joy, With wide dif-

f

CRES.

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HARK! APOLLO STRIKES THE LYRE. Concluded.

fus - ing joy, With wide - - - - dif - - fu - - - - - - - sing joy. - - - - - - - - - - -

fus - ing joy, With wide - - - - dif - - fu - - - - - - - sing joy. - - - - - - - - - - -

fus - ing joy, With wide - - - - dif - - fu - - - - - - - sing joy. - - - - - - - - - - -

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BELLINI.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

1. Is it not sweet to think, here - af - ter, When the spi - rit leaves this sphere, Love, with death-less

2. A - las! a - las! doth hope de - ceive us? Shall friend - ship, love,—shall all those ties That bind a mo - ment,

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wings, shall waft her To those she long hath mourn'd for here: Hearts from which 'twas death to sev - er,

and then leave us,—Be found a - gain where noth - ing dies! O! if no oth - er boon were giv - en

Eyes this world can ne'er re - store, There as warm, as bright as ev - er— There as warm, as bright as

can ne'er re - store.

To keep our hearts from wrong and stain, Who would not try to win a heaven— Who would not try to win a

can ne'er re - store!

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1st and 2d Tenor.

ev - er, Shall meet us, and be lost no more, Shall meet us, and be lost no more, - - - Shall meet

lost - - - - no more, Shall meet us and be lost no more, Shall meet us

hea - ven, Where all we love shall live a - gain, Where all we love shall live a - gain, Where all we

Shall meet us, and be lost - - - - no more, Shall meet

us, and be lost no - - - - more, no more, no more. - - - - - - -

CRES. *f*

and be lost no more, Shall meet us, and be lost no more, no more, no more. - - - - - - -
love shall live a - gain, Where all we love shall live a - gain, a - gain, a - gain. - - - - - - -

us, and be lost no - - - - more, no more, no more. - - - - - - -

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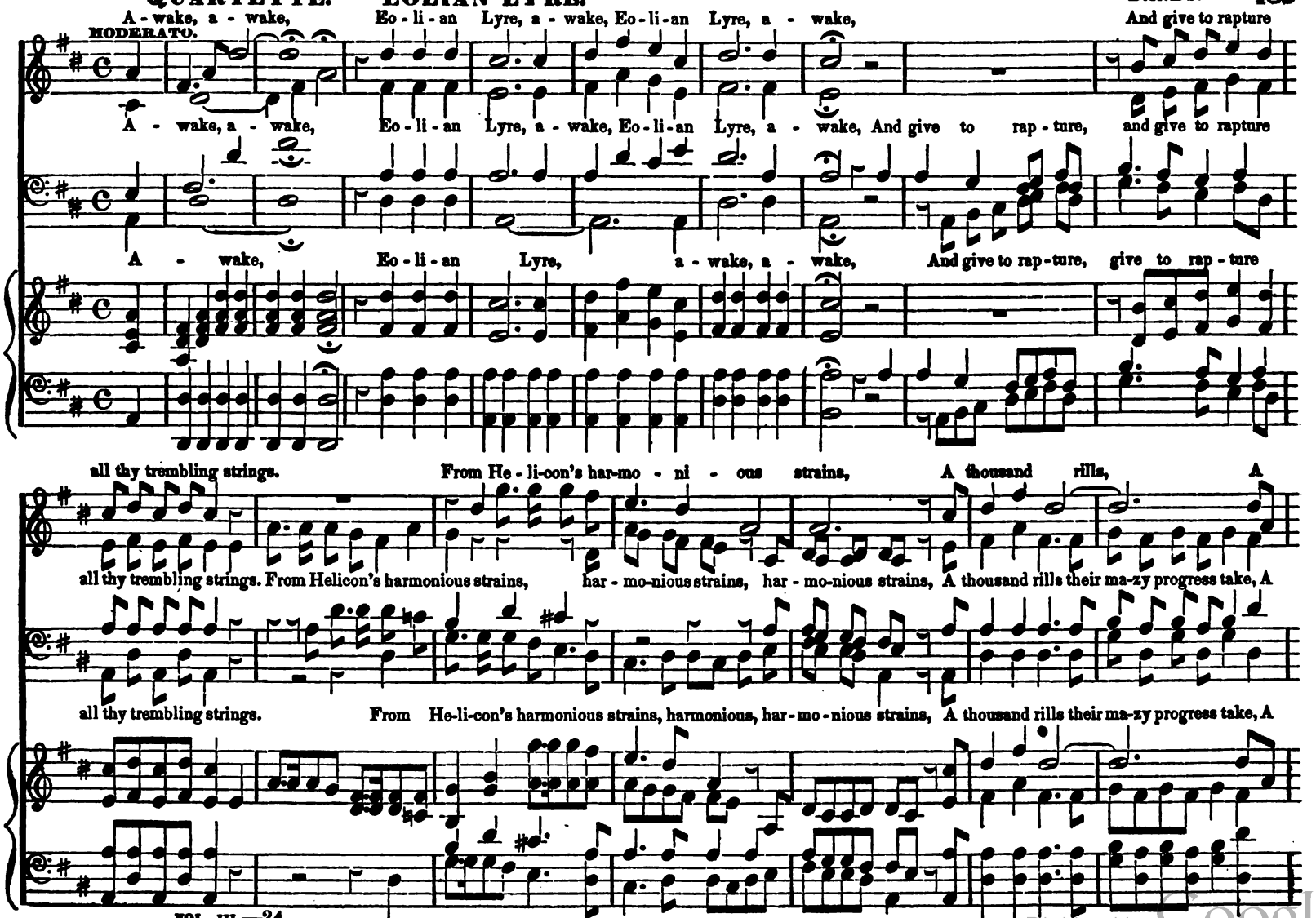

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thousand rills their ma-zy progress take: Drink life and fragrance as they flow. Now the rich stream of

LARGO.

thousand rills their ma-zy progress take: The laughing flow'rs that round them blow, as they flow. Now the rich stream of

thousand rills their ma-zy progress take: Drink life and fragrance as they flow. Now the rich stream of

LARGO.

mu - sic winds a - long, Deep, ma - jes - tic, smooth, and strong. and Ce-res' golden reign, Now - - - -

mu - sic winds a - long, Deep, ma - jes - tic, smooth, and strong. Through ver - dant vales, and Ce-res' golden reign, Now roll-ing down the

mu - sic winds a - long, Deep, ma - jes - tic, smooth, and strong. Through ver - dant vales, Now roll-ing down the

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Now headlong, impetuous, see it pour! The rocks and nodding groves re - bel - low to the

steep a - main, headlong, impetuous, see it pour! see it pour, see it pour! The rocks and nodding groves re - bel - low to the

steep a - main, see it pour! see it pour, see it pour! The rocks and nodding groves re - bel - low to the

roar, Re - bel - low to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.

roar, Re - bel - low to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.

roar, Re - bel - low to the roar, to the roar, to the roar.

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ADAGIO. ALLEGRO.

We ru - ral fays and fai-ries, We ru - ral fays

Here, in cool grot, and mos-sy cell, We ru-ral fays and fai-ries, We ru-ral fays and fai-ries dwell, though rare-ly

p

We frisk it

seen by mor - tal eye, When the pale moon ascen-ding high, darts, darts through yon limes her quiv'ring, quiv'ring beams, We frisk it, frisk it,

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frisk it, frisk it,

frisk it, frisk it, near these crystal streams, Frisk it, frisk it, frisk it, near these crystal streams. Her beams, re - flect - ed from the wave, Afford the

tr tr f p p

exceeds, we wot, the

light our revels crave; The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er, ex - ceeds, we wot, the Pa - ri - an floor: Nor yet for art - ful

Nor

Nor yet for artful strains we

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Nor yet for artful strains, we call, we call, we call,

strains, Nor yet for art-ful strains, we call, we call, we call, And lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, to the wa-ter

yet for artful strains, we call, we

call for, art - ful strains, we

fall, Lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, to the wa-ter fall.

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ANDANTINO.

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Sweet May is here, with all her bright birds and flow'rs; Come, then, dear friends, and gay-ly pass the hours: O come o'er hill and

1st Treble.

1st Tenor.

Bass.

dell, - - - where bree - zes waft per-fume, Where shrub and tree are nodding in rich bloom, Where shrub and tree, Where

Where shrub and tree are nodding in rich

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ALLEGRETTO.
1st Treble.

shrub and tree are nod - ding in rich bloom; Hail, with joy, this mer - ry May. Through fo - rest and mea - dow, where

bloom, Where shrub and where tree are nodding in rich bloom; this mer - ry May.

2d Treble.

sparkling fountains trem - ble, Sing we in gladness, this hap - py day. Through fo - rest and meadow, where sparkling fountains tremble,

Tenor.

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Sing we in glad-ness, this hap - py day; Through fo - rest and mea-dow, where sparkling fountains trem - ble, Sing we in glad-ness, this

hap - py day. Sweet May, O merry, merry May, Sweet May, O merry, merry May, Sweet May! Sing we in gladness this mer - ry

Merry May.

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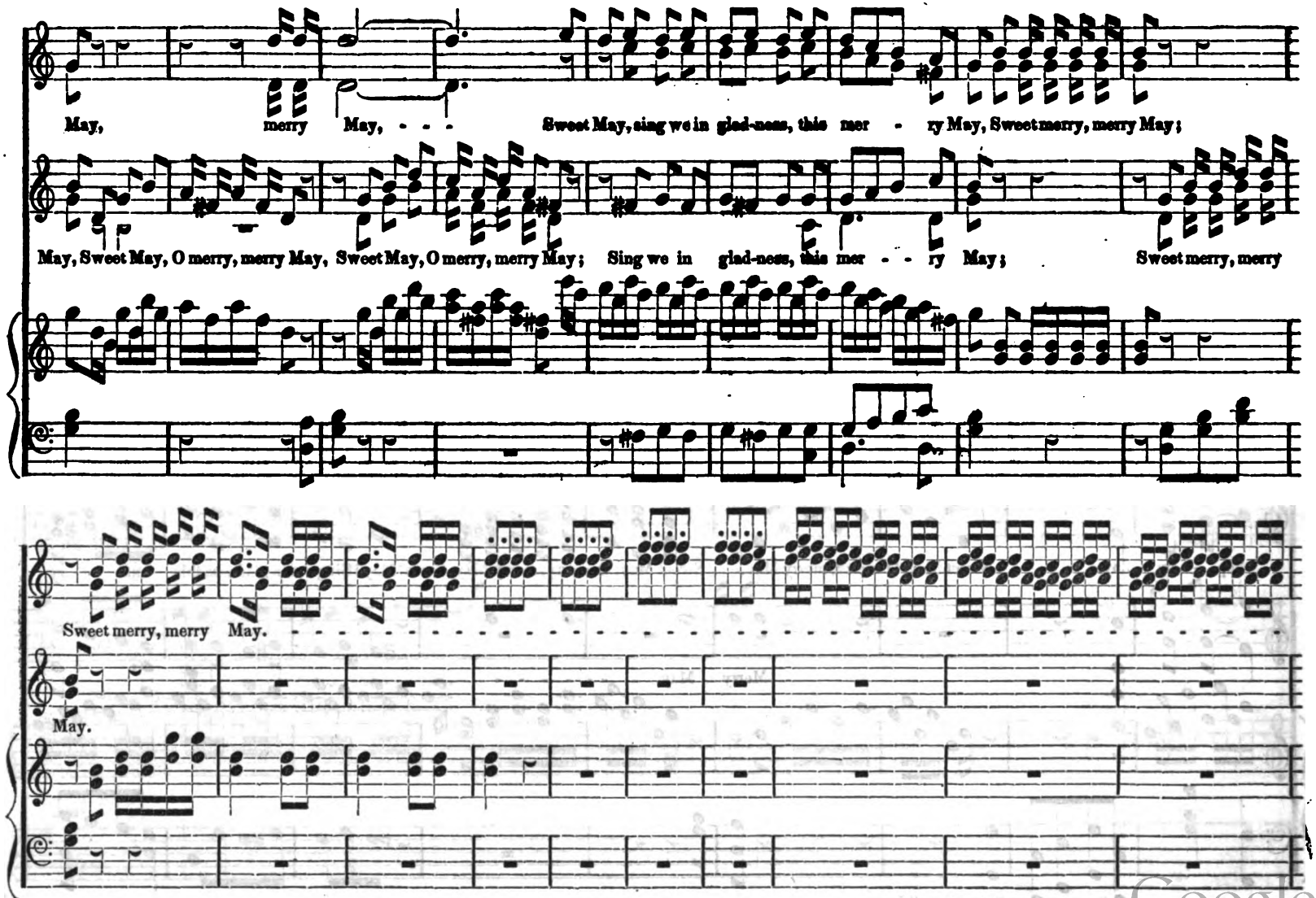

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1st Treble.

Through

Base.

Through fo - rest and mea-dow, where sparkling fountains trem - ble, Sing we in glad-ness, this mer - - ry May.

8va.

fo - rest and mea-dow, where sparkling fountains trem - ble, Sing we in glad - ness this mer - - ry May. Through fo-rest and

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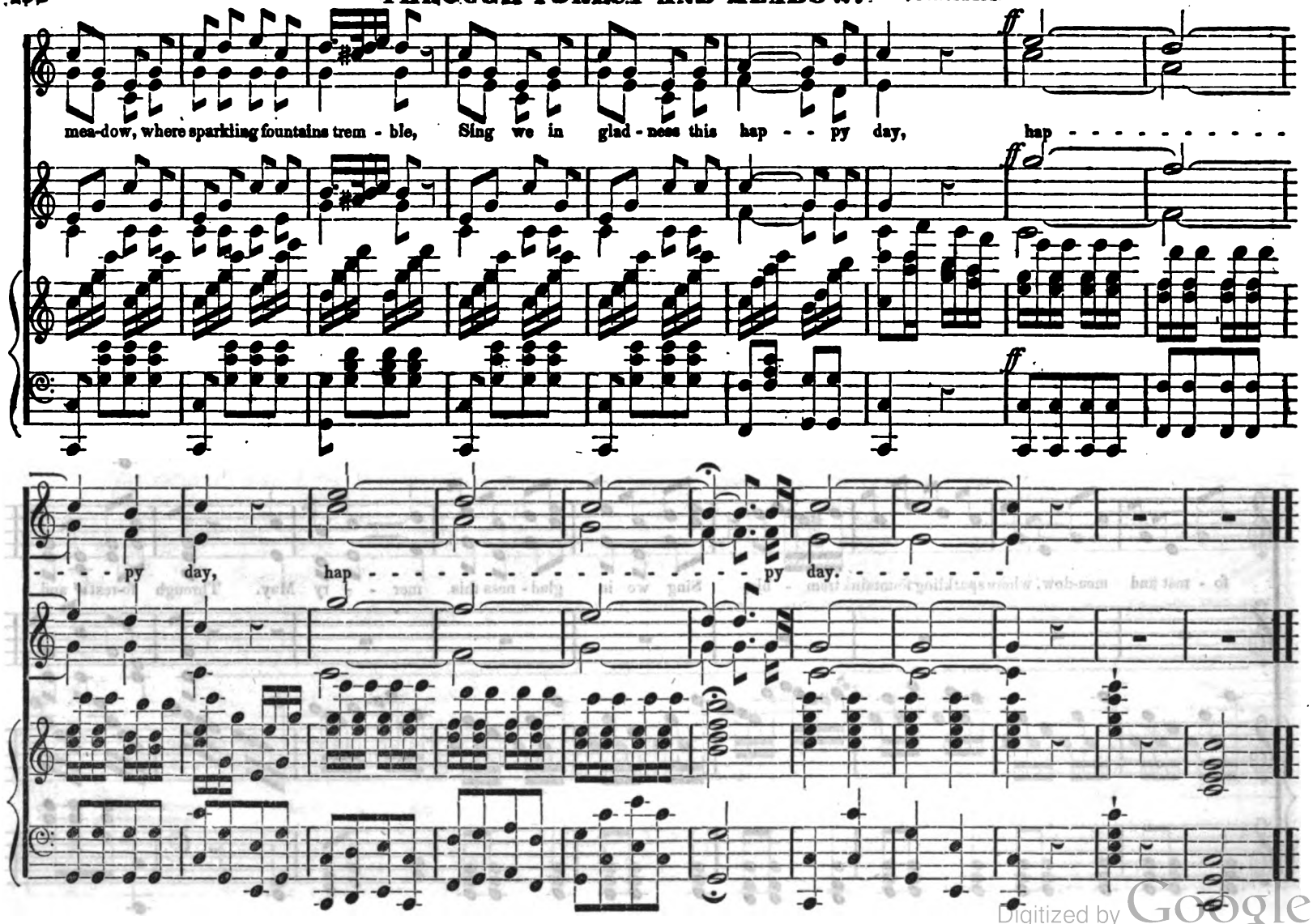

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POETRY,

NOT INSERTED IN THE BODY OF THE WORK,

TO WHICH A PORTION OF THE MUSIC IS ADAPTED.

Song. MY SOUL IS DARK.

Page 65. 2d verse.

But bid the strain be wild and deep—
The harp I yet can brook to hear.
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,
Or else this heavy heart will burst;
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,
And ached in sleepless silence long;
And now 'tis doomed to know the worst,
And break at once—or yield to song.

Duett. MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.

Page 91. 2d and 3d verses.

My life is like the summer leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief—
Restless and soon to pass away;
Yet when that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The wind bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe one sigh for me!

My life is like the track of feet,
Left upon Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their marks shall vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,—
But none shall thus lament for me!

Song. THERE'S A CHARM IN SPRING.

Page 100. 2d and 3d verses.

Autumn come, with trusty gun,
In quest of birds we roam;
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.
A winter's night has its delight,
Around old stories go;
A winter's day we're blithe and gay,
Defying ice and snow.

Country life, without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need; I take no heed
Of splendour or renown.
And when I die, O let me lie
Where trees above me wave;
Let wild plants bloom around my tomb,
My quiet country grave.

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LUTZOW'S WILD HUNT.

Page 144. 2d and 3d verses.

Why roars in yon valley the deadly fight?
  What glittering swords are clashing?
Our true-hearted riders maintain the right,
  And the torch of freedom is flashing.
And if you ask what you there behold,
'Tis the hunt of Lutzow, the free and the bold.

'Tis our hunt! the proud tyrant and dastardly slave
  Before our hunters are flying:
And weep not for us if our country we save,
  Although we have saved it in dying.
From age to age it shall still be told,
'Twas the hunt of Lutzow, the free and the bold.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

Page 158. 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th verses.

The sky is above us, enamell'd with gold;
Below us a mirror of diamonds roll'd;
And, fleeting on glittering pinions of steel,
Like birds in mid-heaven, we dance, and we wheel.
  We glide, my companions, rejoicing along;
  And loud is the echo of shout and of song.

The sun, through the blue air, was golden in glow;
It redden'd through mists of the mountain below;
It set, and the silvery moon, as we rove,
Is smiling upon us, below and above.
  By day, and by night, my companions, along
  We glide to the echo of shout and of song.

See yonder, how sparkle the heavenly host;
As sparks, they are burning in snow and in frost:
The heaven is glowing with sun and with star;
The flowery frost-work reflects it afar.
  We glide, my companions, in triumph along,
  And loud is the echo of shout and of song.

The lake spreads before us, how airy and wide!
On steel, as on pinions, we over it glide:
The snows are around us, our hearts are in glow,
We fly o'er the waters, and sing as we go.
  We glide, my companions, exulting along;
  And loud is the echo of shout and of song.

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